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OPENING OF THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE: THE INDIAN PRINCES PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

There seems very little doubt that to "all the talents" concentrated in the House of Commons there is now added ventriloquism. The words "What the devil are you talking about?" were uttered, it seems, but by no ordinary human voice. At first they were supposed to be addressed to the Chairman, and it is very creditable to the presence of mind of our Legislative Assembly that they did not all faint at once. The outrage, however, was of a less tremendous kind: the inquiry only appears to have been made to a political opponent. Still, the presence of an hon. member endowed with this unusual gift opens a vista of pretty sprightly or vigorous interruption. Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse made a sensation in the House by his admirable imitations of animals and birds, but such efforts fade into insignificance compared with what we may fairly expect from this unknown prodigy. It is amazing that the political advantage of having such a person on one's own side in the Senate should have been so long overlooked. The caucus on either side could never have a more valuable candidate in any constituency, though, of course, his gift would have to be carefully concealed until the proper time and place for its exhibition. To a Minister of the Crown it would be priceless. He could always say to the Opposition what he was wishing to say, but did not dare to do it, opportunely and with impunity. Perhaps it is a Minister of the Crown! As a first start, "What the devil are you talking about?" seems very promising.

In no hundred years of our history has the difference of social manners and morals been so marked as between the beginning and the end of the present century. A very striking example of it occurred the other day, when the service of china given to the great Nelson by the nation was disposed of by the auctioneer. There were two hundred and sixty pieces, and on each piece, under some classic form or other, was depicted the hero's mistress, Lady Hamilton. Imagine "our only Admiral" coming home from a series of naval victories and being rewarded by a grateful country with a similar dinner-service, with paintings of another man's wife repeated on them two hundred times! In this case sentiment had certainly the upper hand of morality. When, a few years later, however, the same lady was allowed by the same public to starve, morality may be said to have had the upper hand of sentiment.

Great importance is, it seems, attached not only in our medical but literary journals to the amount we eat at breakfast. We are even told that it is significant of "character," and that a certain great statesman owes half his intelligence to the poached eggs and rashers of bacon he stows away every morning. However he may fail in providing it for the nation at large, he gets "a free breakfast table" himself. The man who eats a good breakfast it is taken for granted has a good appetite. It never seems to strike these philosophers that this very much depends on whether he has had a good dinner, and at what time he took it. If you dine at 9 p.m. off half-a-dozen courses, you cannot be said to take your breakfast "like a man" at 9 a.m.; if you are really hungry you must be more like a wolf. It used to be universally agreed that the hour used by all working men for their chief meal—that is, about midday—was the most natural and appetising; and it is certain, whether folks eat at breakfast or not, they are more silent and preoccupied, and less cheerful and companionable, than at any other time. It may be said, of course, that they are thinking of their work for the day; but, so far, at least, as my acquaintance goes, this is much too complimentary an explanation. Even good-natured people are at breakfast apt to be "grumpy."

I am told by my young friends that supper is by far the most genial meal. "Would it were supper time!" we read in Shakspeare; but it was not the meal itself to which the speaker was looking forward with such expectation. No doubt, however, it is genial. I once saw a supper party electrified by an old gentleman, whom all of us had known for years but never suspected of wearing a wig, suddenly, in a moment of exhilaration, snatching off all his hair and hanging it on the back of a chair. He would never have dreamt of doing this at breakfast.

The educational authorities at Brooklyn, U.S., must be similar to some of our vigilance committees. They perceive immorality where it exists like other people, but from their constant quest of it, its scent never leaves their nostrils, so that they also detect it where it does not exist. If you send for a gasman he will always smell an "escape," even when there is nothing of the kind; but that is from a mercenary motive, whereas this other class of person smells the non-existent abomination for pleasure. It is but a year or so ago that Longfellow came under the ban of Brooklyn as an immoral author. There was something, said the persons in charge of the morals of its youth, that made "The Building of the Ship" unfit for juvenile study. It requires more nicety in nastiness than is possessed by the ordinary mind to detect what is amiss with that poem, but they found it out. They have now discovered that Scott's "Lady of the Lake" is also unfit for school reading and forbidden that! Next

year they will probably put Kirke White's poems into their *Index Expurgatorius*, and eventually discover a *double entendre* in Dr. Watts. It is only in a country where it is thought indelicate to publish "Births" in the newspapers that such prudery would not be open to grave suspicion.

Among the advantages that rich people possess—and, in spite of all the philosophers have urged to the contrary, they do have some advantages—one of the greatest is choice of residence. It is not only that they can go where they like, but can stop there as long as they please. Without, alas! being at all rich, I have lately enjoyed this pleasure to perfection, because when you go to a Paradise for health, the search for it overbears all other considerations, and you remain there indefinitely, as though you had ten thousand a year. How often persons of moderate means have their holidays embittered as they draw to a close by the thought "Only two days more," or "This is our last day"! Though it tears their heartstrings they must go, very literally, "about their business." Then I confess some feelings of envy are aroused by my more fortunate brethren, who say (I am thankful to say, however, generally with a yawn), "Well, we have not made our minds up how long we shall stay here." The invalid in his bath-chair is in this respect—for the nonce, at all events—on an equality with "the proud ones who in their coaches roll along the turnpike." He need not bid adieu to the sea and cliffs, the mountains and the lakes, at any particular date—unless, indeed, his invalidism takes the wrong turning, and he has to wish good-bye to everything. It is curious, when we come to think of it, how illness can thus equalise poverty, almost like death itself, with prosperity.

We are often told that money cannot save us poor mortals from death, though it does do so, for a time, in countless cases. Among criminals it is supposed to be literally a sovereign panacea. Mr. Croake James, in his "Curiosities of the Law," tells us of a prisoner cast for death who sent for his counsel and told him he possessed £200. Upon this ground he confidently counted upon a handsome decrease of even secondary punishment. As for the capital crime, he said, "Whoever heard of a man being hung who had £200?" It is certainly the fact that persons very often die for want of a much smaller sum. A most pathetic instance of this has occurred at Howden. Three tramps came to the ferry there over the Ouse, but had only twopence—which was the fare across—among them. One of them took charge of the clothes of his companions in the ferry-boat while the other two swam across; and one of these, exhausted with fatigue and privation, was drowned. It seems to revive the days of the Good Samaritan—only, alas! without the Samaritan—to find twopence of so much consequence.

In a book "privately printed" nearly fifty years ago, I come upon some capital lines written by a lady, one of whose works, at all events, was for a whole generation ascribed to Lord Byron. They are addressed to Cobbett, as member for "Odium" (Oldham), and admirably represent the impatience of a large and growing class in our own day with certain wrongs and inequalities which are, unhappily, inseparable from the human lot, though her satire lays the burden upon Nature—

Mr. Cobbett ask'd leave to bring in very soon
A Bill to abolish the sun and the moon.

The heavenly bodies, like those upon earth,
Had, he said, been corrupt from the day of their birth;
With reckless profusion expending their light,
One after another, by day and by night.
And what classes enjoyed it? The upper alone:
Upon such they had always exclusively shone;
But when had they ever emitted a spark
For the people who toil underground in the dark?

Turn to other departments. High time to inquire
What abuses exist in air, water, and fire.
Why keep up volcanoes?—that idle display!
When so many were starving with cold, it was cruel
To make such a waste of good fire and fuel.
As for Nature—how little experience has taught her
Appeared in the administration of water.

See the rainfall. A more economical plan,
More equally working, more useful to man,
In this age of improvement might surely be found,
By which all would be sprinkl'd, and none would be drown'd.
He would boldly appeal to the nation's good sense
Not to sanction this useless enormous expense.

But the people of England no more would endure
Any remedy short of a Radical cure.

Half a century ago wit and humour used to be denied to our lady writers, but the authoress of the above lines certainly possessed them. The concluding verses irresistibly remind one of the American gentleman who, having failed to convince his bishop of the impossibility of eternal punishment, observed: "Well, then, all I have to say is that our people won't stand it." There is nothing in the "Anti-Jacobin" much better than this supposed Parliamentary utterance.

The Duke of Argyll's statement that "politics ought not to interfere with the friendships of private life" will

seem to most people singularly superfluous. The notion of restricting our social intimacy to persons who are of our own way of thinking about Bimetallism or the Eight Hours Bill certainly appears comical enough. If the principle is worth maintaining, it must be still more so as regards religious matters; and if one has the misfortune to belong to a small sect, such as the Positivists or the Jumpers, one might almost as well be a king so far as friendship is concerned. There are, of course, fanatics in politics—vehement vestrymen—but their social gifts are not generally attractive, so that it does not much matter whether they are friendly or otherwise. As a rule, politicians thoroughly understand the nature of their calling, and make allowance for those weaknesses in their adversaries which are inseparable from it. A man may be highly principled, virtuous, pious, and in no way disqualified for one's bosom friend because in a transaction about a horse, or a "first edition," or even an umbrella, we are well aware he is not to be trusted.

In a recent theatrical case in court some circumstances interesting to persons who think of adopting writing for the stage as their profession were incidentally revealed. One manager had not read the play in question, and did not know whether the gentleman deputed to do so had read it or not. He remembered, however, sending it back. This is not very encouraging to writers of fiction, who are so often exhorted to direct their talents to "elevating the literature of the stage." Another manager confessed to having had several applications for the return of the play, but "had taken no notice." This is a charming revelation of the attitude of managers to dramatic authors and of the respect in which they hold them. Another manager admitted that he seldom read plays; but it was not elicited in cross-examination what he did read.

An advertisement appears in a recent number of the *Caterer* which one would think ought rather to have found its place under the bulletin column of "Invalids Improving": "Mr. MacP—, proprietor of the C— Hotel, N.B., one of the oldest Highland houses and situated in the heart of typical Highland scenery, is in process of extension." This must be satisfactory indeed to Mr. MacP—'s friends. I wish I was an expander myself instead, alas! of being a contractor.

In some privately printed "Table Talk" of Burke, written down by Mrs. Crewe of Crewe Hall, there are some noteworthy statements. He says of the thousands of French refugees then in the country that there had not been a prosecution for any criminal offence against one of them, notwithstanding that the majority were in extreme poverty. It would be interesting to learn, in the present outcry against aliens, whether they are similarly well conducted. He says that it is a vulgar error to suppose the English to be plainer eaters than the French. Our sauces may be inferior, but we seldom eat meat without sauce, either sweet or acid, while soy, catsup, and the various contents of our cruets are almost unknown to our neighbours. He remarks on service that "it should ever be obtained by giving the person who serves a personal interest in his duty, the contrary of which is certain, in the end, to produce languor and discontent." This is probably the earliest expression of a sentiment that is now becoming general: "Man," he says, "never appears to such advantage as upon the waters, which he has added to his own natural possessions, and makes him appear in the light of a conqueror." One has known, however, a good many people at sea who do not appear at all in this light. "The public mind is just now disorganised by Jacobinism, and though dupes began at last to discover knaves they find recantation mortifying, and therefore difficult." "Fortunately," he adds, "Jacobins do not hold together, for birds of prey are not gregarious." The following is curious: "Four poor Irishmen consume about the same amount of nourishment as two English poor and [query, or] three French poor." "Wheat at forty-five shillings a fair price." This table talk was set down in 1797.

If the good people who prate about the decadence of modern fiction ever read it—of which I have my doubts—I would recommend them to try "In a Promised Land." It is a remarkable novel, and one that certainly contradicts the silly statement that all the good stories have been told. Its story is, at all events, new to one "constant reader." The scene is laid chiefly in Cape Colony, a place that has been singularly unfortunate in its delineators, so far as social life is concerned, if it is really an agreeable spot to live in. The author of "In a Promised Land" has no more rose-colour for it than its other painters; but (with a single exception which will occur to everyone) he (or she?) has invested it with a dramatic interest that has hitherto been wanting. The Primitive Gospellers of whom the book treats are quite novel creations so far as fiction is concerned, yet give one the impression of being studies from life. The large-hearted charity of the writer is conspicuous, but the work has none of those defects that generally belong to novels "with a purpose." None of the characters can be called "nice" in a society sense, but some of them are extraordinarily attractive. If the tale is told by a colonial pen it is one of the very best we have had to welcome from over seas.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

It is quite evident that the debates on the Home Rule Bill, of which two clauses have passed through Committee, have resolved themselves chiefly into a series of duels between the Prime Minister and Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Balfour's function is mainly that of spectator and bottle-holder. The leader of the Liberal Unionists in the House has made by far the most effective speeches against the Bill, and has taken the most conspicuous part in shaping the tactics of the Opposition. This was forcibly illustrated by the comedy of Sir Henry James's amendment about the Imperial supremacy. Sir Henry proposed to add to Clause 2 a proviso declaring that the authority of the Imperial Parliament in every part of the Queen's dominions remained undiminished. Much to the surprise of the Opposition, Mr. Gladstone accepted this in his most pacific manner, merely stipulating that the words should take the form of a new clause, which he undertook to bring up at the proper time and put into the early part of the Bill. All this happened in Mr. Chamberlain's absence, but when he returned there was quite another aspect of affairs. The arrangement did not suit him at all. The Government must be made to feel that their concessions were extorted from them. Sir Henry James, who had expressed his willingness to accept Mr. Gladstone's offer, and to withdraw his amendment, was compelled to say that he could not do this without leave of the Committee, which was sure to be refused. Mr. Chamberlain launched into one of his favourite diatribes against the Irish members, especially Mr. John Redmond, whom he attempted to convict by chapter and verse of having maintained that the Imperial supremacy was a theoretical instrument which must never be used in Irish affairs. Mr. Redmond repudiated this construction of his attitude, but Mr. Chamberlain returned to the charge with a stout volume and with quotations on little pieces of paper which I fancy he keeps under his pillow when he goes to bed. Then Mr. Gladstone deplored the venom which Mr. Chamberlain had imported into the proceedings and which had transformed Arcadia into a howling wilderness of animosity. The Prime Minister and Sir Henry James had piped together like Corydon and Melibœus till the horn of the hunter from Birmingham had struck in with a discordant blast. As for consistency, Mr. Gladstone thought his right honourable friend had fallen into the habit of applying to others a standard which he did not apply to an eminent Unionist politician who was distinguished in the past by violent language in every possible extreme. After this the Prime Minister again accepted the amendment, and the Opposition, who had been somewhat chagrined to see several beloved improvements of the Bill ruled out of order, and the Government majority in the division lobby swelling visibly, cheered this somewhat shadowy triumph.

But this is not the most notable encounter between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain. That followed a remarkable speech in which Mr. Chamberlain used the proposal to omit Clause 1 as an opportunity to review the whole measure. This was done at great length and with infinite skill. The interruptions to which this somewhat unusual course exposed him were utilised, as interruptions always are by this consummate debater, to elaborate his own case. The method which Mr. Chamberlain has brought to the perfection of a fine art is that of asking plausible and embarrassing questions as to the intentions of the Government on this or that part of the Bill which has not yet come under the review of the Committee. In conducting a measure of this complexity the old pilot has to watch very warily the currents of opinion on some difficult points of the course, and to be asked by the relentless critic to complete the ship's log before he has finished the voyage is Mr. Gladstone's daily portion. On the particular occasion of which I speak he replied to Mr. Chamberlain with one of the best fighting speeches he has ever made. For half an hour the House was thrilled through and through by the magnificent voice in every key of irony, scorn, and concentrated passion. Friend and foe listened spellbound, and at the end there was a scene of rapturous delight never surpassed. Members stood in the middle of the floor and madly waved their hats, and how the Strangers' Gallery was restrained from frantic enthusiasm I do not know. Mr. Chamberlain was not abashed. "I yield to no man," he remarked in a later discussion, "in my admiration for my right honourable friend; but why does he favour us with these dramatic displays instead of answering our arguments?" This inquiry was prompted by Mr. Gladstone's refusal to take a serious view of Mr. Alexander Cross's speech and amendment. Mr. Alexander Cross is a new member, and his maiden effort had a stormy reception, which moved Mr. Chamberlain's righteous anger. In all his experience of the House, he said, almost with tears, he had never known a new member treated with such scanty courtesy. The truth was that Mr. Cross wanted to treat the House to his views on a great variety of topics which had nothing to do with the matter in hand, and he was called to order so often that he sat down with a great heap of discarded notes for the maiden speech which had been so cruelly jilted. To complete his discomfiture, the Prime Minister said the amendment was a bad joke, and it was to avenge him that Mr. Chamberlain protested against "dramatic displays," as an answer to the stifled statesmanship of Mr. Cross.

But Mr. Cross is not the only unassuming member who has suffered whips and scorns in the course of the debates. There are gentlemen who have given sleepless nights and

laborious days to the construction of amendments which have been rudely consigned to the waste-paper basket by the Chair. This experience is a great lesson in discipline, but every man is not disposed to submit to it meekly. There is Mr. Ambrose, who, through a perfect tornado of remonstrance, persists in arguing with Mr. Mellor some intricate point of procedure which not a soul can understand. Presently there is a lull, and the calm tones of Sir William Harcourt, an infrequent visitor during these debates, are heard inquiring, "May I ask, Sir, where are we now?" With a gigantic effort of mind the Chairman returns to the point from which he was diverted by Mr. Ambrose. Mr. Mellor never knows at any moment that the whole House will not bellow at him. He lives in a storm, which I am afraid he cannot be said to direct. He is animated by a patient desire to make everybody happy and good-humoured, and this beneficent intention is constantly frustrated by an unkind fate. But no man can tell what is in store for him, and even Mr. Storey has had to suffer going into the same lobby with Mr. Chamberlain.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.

The succession of Lord Stanley of Preston to the titles and estates of the Earl of Derby has obliged his Lordship to return to England; and the Earl of Aberdeen, a personal friend of Mr. Gladstone, and during a few months of 1886

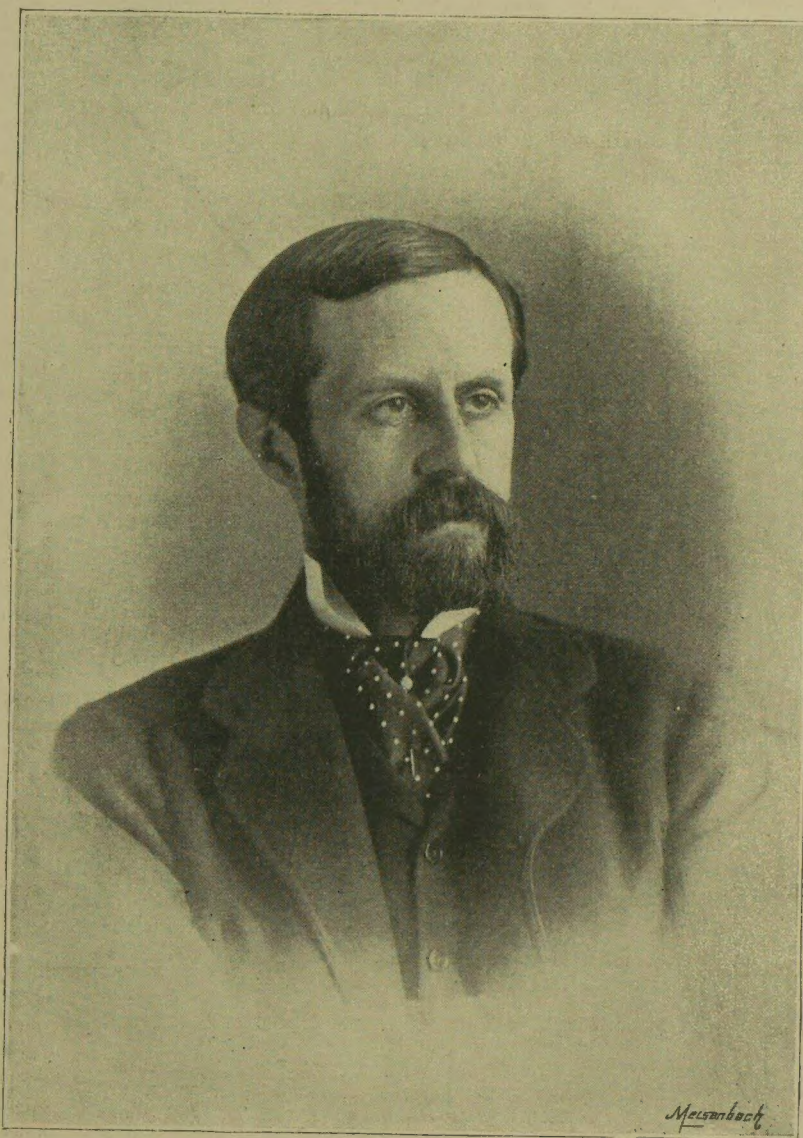


Photo by Elliott and Fry.

THE EARL OF ABERDEEN, THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.

Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, has been appointed Governor-General of Canada. Lord and Lady Aberdeen were at Chicago for the opening of the great American International Exhibition, but will recross the Atlantic in time for him to take part in the House of Lords debate on the Irish Home Rule Bill, after which he will go direct from home to the seat of his viceroyal dignity at Ottawa. This nobleman, the Right Hon. Sir John Campbell Hamilton Gordon, seventh Earl of Aberdeen in the Scottish Peerage and Viscount Gordon in that of the United Kingdom, is nearly forty-six years of age, and is brother to the late Earl, George, whose romantic life—choosing to work as a common sailor on board merchant-vessels in remote seas, instead of enjoying the rank and honours that he inherited at his father's death in 1864—ended by accidental drowning in January 1870. Their grandfather, the fourth Earl of Aberdeen, was an eminent statesman, long associated with Sir Robert Peel, and Prime Minister in 1853. The present Earl is married to a daughter of Dudley Coutts Marjoribanks, Lord Tweedmouth; both husband and wife are esteemed in Scotland, in Ireland, and in London, as liberal patrons and diligent personal promoters of various beneficent works. Lady Aberdeen's special efforts to provide industrial teaching and useful home employment for the wives and daughters of Irish peasantry have gained much success. In Canada, as well as in the United States, this excellent pair, faithfully and frankly dispensing that kindness which is enhanced by the high position of its willing administrators, cannot fail to win numerous friends. At Chicago, on May 1, Lord and Lady Aberdeen were in charge of their model Irish village in the Exhibition. They had a pleasant interview with President Cleveland, to whom they presented six pretty Irish girls, with gifts of shamrock, Irish lace, a shillelagh, and specimens of marble.

OPENING OF THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

The occasion upon which the Queen, with the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and others of the royal family, went in procession to South Kensington, greeted by immense numbers of her Majesty's loyal people, on Wednesday, May 10, was an event of national interest. It was at once the visible consummation of a scheme devised in 1887 to commemorate the Jubilee of her prosperous reign, and the completion, in its most needful parts, of a fine building to accommodate the Institute which has been formed to serve for permanent headquarters of various knowledge, inquiry, and discussion concerning the material resources and industrial prospects of the British Colonies and of the Indian Empire. To the Prince of Wales, with many able and diligent assistants, of whom Lord Herschell, Sir Frederick Abel, and Sir Somers Vane have been the most active, and have been rewarded by her Majesty with tokens of her approval, is mainly due the organisation of the Imperial Institute. We have described its objects, its plan, its means and modes of public usefulness, and the building, of which the front parts, containing all the rooms and offices for ordinary business, and the exhibition galleries, are nearly finished.

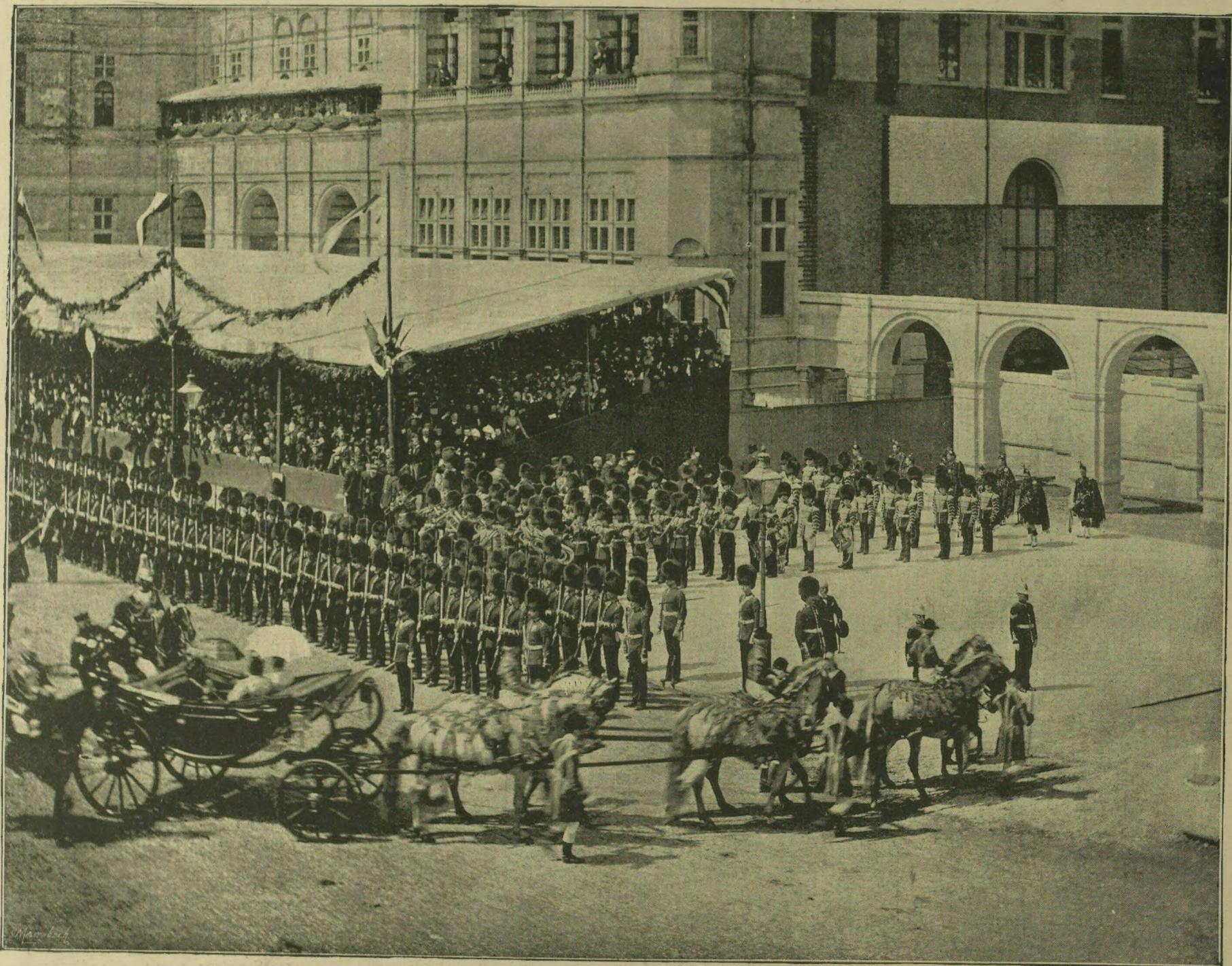
The ceremonial proceedings on the opening day, of which we now give some illustrations, took place in a temporary wooden structure erected on the site of the intended superb Reception Hall. This was decorated, by Mr. Benjamin Edgington, with British and Colonial flags, a sumptuous Indian carpet laid along the middle of the floor, the seats on each side covered with red cloth; and a low dais, at the upper end, was surmounted by a canopy of purple velvet, adorned with the rose, thistle, and shamrock in gold, and with a large imperial crown suspended above it. The gold-plated throne of Runjeet Singh, from the Indian Museum, was not brought out, as stated, for use on this occasion; but a gilt chair of State, with red cushions, was placed for the Queen. Her Majesty's carriage procession, in which the Queen sat, with Princess Christian and Princess Henry of Battenberg, in an open carriage drawn by six cream-coloured horses, had been preceded by that of the Prince of Wales, who was accompanied by the Duke of York and his betrothed, Princess May of Teck; and by the other Princes and Princesses.

The Prince of Wales, as President of the Imperial Institute, received her Majesty at the east entrance, and conducted her first to a small pavilion or boudoir, tented with muslin and figured silks, in the main east corridor, where she rested a few minutes. The Governors and Directors and Secretaries of the Institute, the architect and building contractor, were presented to her Majesty. She then went to the hall prepared for the ceremonial, which was guarded by the Hon. Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, with the State trumpeters in the porch to sound a flourish at her entrance. The assembly, numbering 2600, comprised many persons of rank, in Court dress; the foreign ambassadors, and several Cabinet Ministers, in Windsor uniform, besides the Home Secretary, who was in attendance on the Queen. There were four Indian Princes, the Maharajah of Bhownugger, the Rajah of Kapurthala, the Thakoor of Gondal, and another, whom the Queen personally greeted, and who, with their attendants, wore picturesque Asiatic costumes.

The reading by the Prince of Wales of an address from the Governors of the Institute was followed by the Queen reading her written reply. The orchestra, under the direction of Sir Arthur Sullivan, performed the "Imperial March" he had composed for this occasion. The Prince of Wales then rose and said, "I have received the Queen's commands to declare this building open and inaugurated." A flourish of trumpets was heard, and a royal salute fired by the guns of the Horse Artillery in Hyde Park notified this act to hundreds of thousands of people. The Queen was then presented with the gold and jewelled key, with which, at her bidding, the Prince of Wales set in motion the electrical apparatus, conveying a signal for the opening of all the doors, and for the ringing of the Alexandra team of bells high in the great tower. The bell-ringers were select gentlemen-amateurs from different towns and counties. The Archbishop of Canterbury pronounced a benediction. "God save the Queen" was sung by Madame Albani, with orchestral accompaniment. The royal party withdrew; the Queen, before going, shook hands with the Indian Princes. Her Majesty's departure and that of the Prince of Wales excited, as their arrival had done, enthusiastic demonstrations of loyalty in the road outside, where great numbers of seats under a roof had been arranged for spectators. The Guards, Royal Marines, Naval Brigade, Indian Cavalry, and Colonial Militia or Volunteer regiments, represented in our illustrations, made an imposing show.

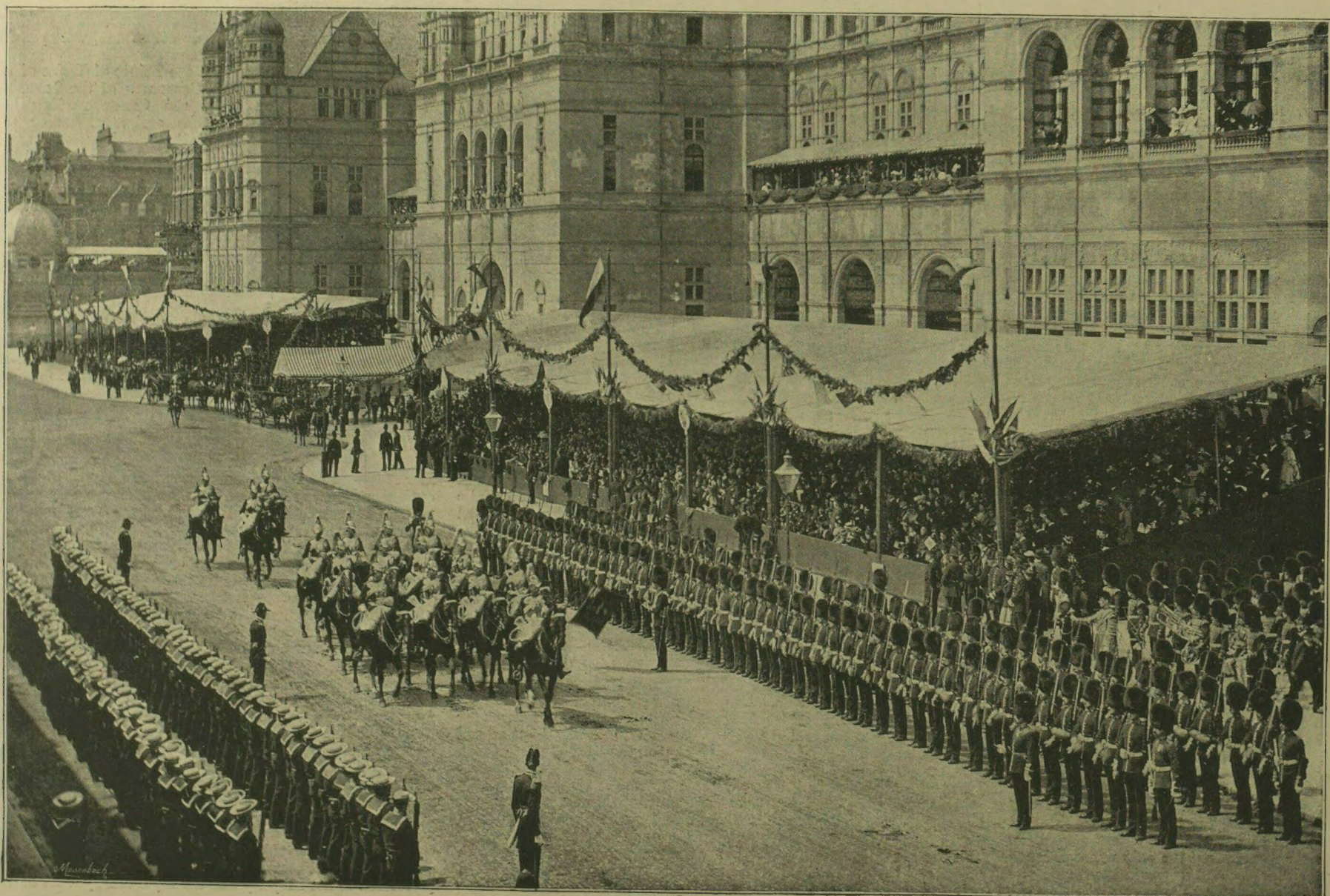
The musical arrangements were entirely in the hands of Sir Arthur Sullivan, who engaged and directed an orchestra of one hundred picked performers, placed in the gallery at the further end of the Great Hall. While the distinguished guests were assembling, an interesting selection of music was played, and, during the entry of the first royal procession, the "Marche Cortège" from Sullivan's music to "Henry VIII." was given. The National Anthem was twice heard in course of the ceremony, once on the entrance of the Sovereign, and again after the benediction. The most noteworthy musical feature of the occasion was the performance of the new "Imperial March," expressly composed by Sir Arthur Sullivan. This work, which was listened to with interest and pleasure, is of a fittingly grandiose and impressive character and marked by many details of skilful musicianship. The coronation march from "Le Prophète" was performed as her Majesty and the royal family went out.

OPENING OF THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.



ARRIVAL OF THE QUEEN.

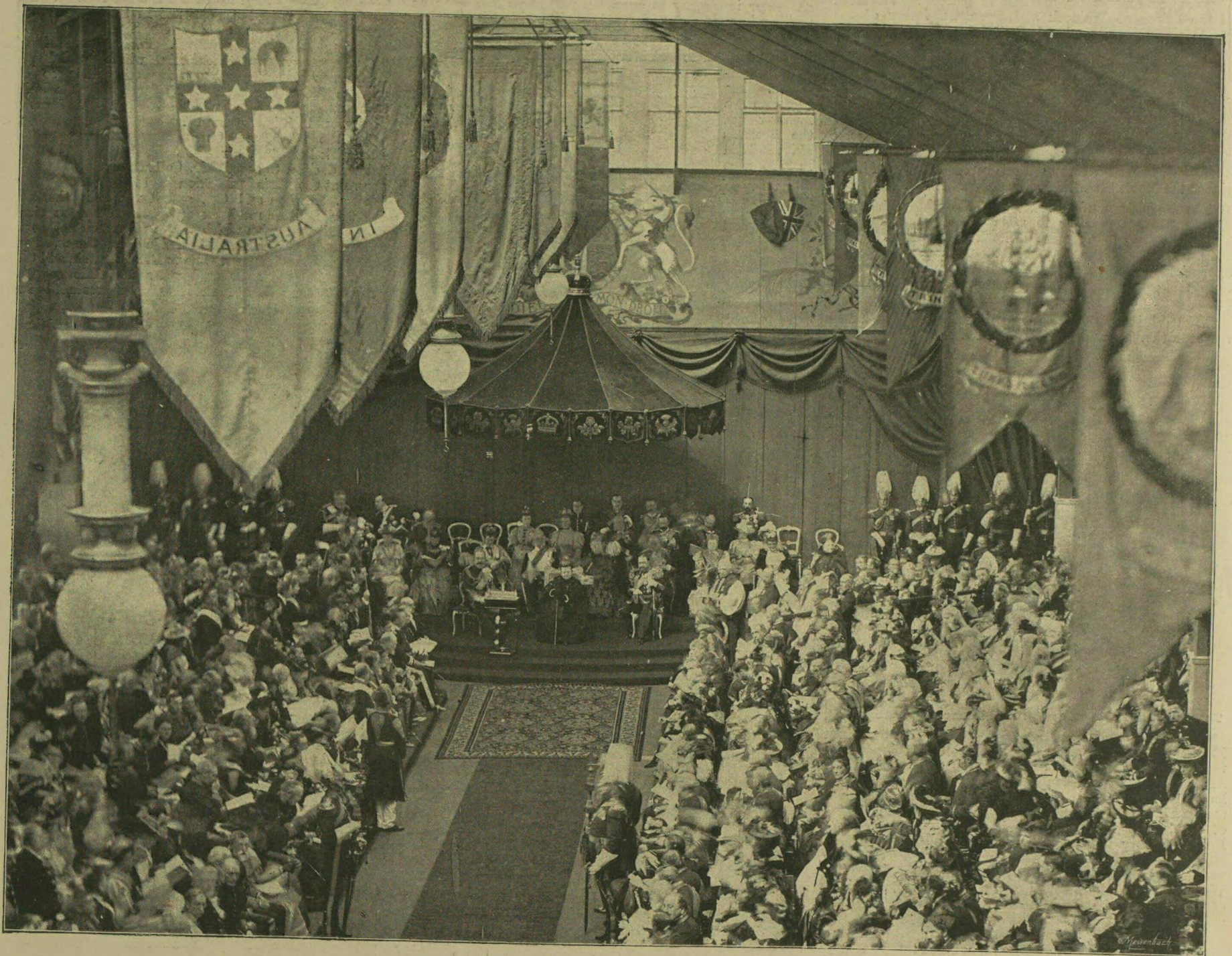
Instantaneous Photograph by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.



ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Instantaneous Photograph by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

OPENING OF THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.



THE OPENING CEREMONY.

Instantaneous Photograph by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.



DEPARTURE OF THE QUEEN.

Instantaneous Photograph by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

PERSONAL.

There is Court mourning, to a certain degree, for the death of the Prince of Waldeck and Pyrmont, father of the Duchess of Albany and of the Queen-Regent of the Netherlands. His Serene Highness, who died on May 12 at Marienbad, was in his sixty-third year.

The Queen remains at Windsor Castle, and the Drawing-Room at Buckingham Palace, on Tuesday, May 16, was held by Princess Christian on behalf of her Majesty. On the day before, the Queen and Princess Beatrice visited the Duchess of Fife at Sheen.

The Prince of Wales and others of the royal family visited the Horse Show at the Agricultural Hall.

The Lord Mayor of London presided, on May 15, over a Mansion House meeting to raise a subscription for a wedding present to the Duke of York and Princess May of Teck. A Welsh national presentation is being furthered by Alderman David Evans, the late Lord Mayor. Several towns and counties have taken up the matter. "The ladies of England" are preparing a special gift.

Lord William Paulet's career is a curious illustration of the evolution by which the scion of a noble house may become a

Field-Marshal with little or no experience of active service. The fourth son of the thirteenth Marquis of Winchester, Lord William was born in 1804. This gave him ample time for participating in our wars, great and small, for most of the century; but, though he entered the Army in



THE LATE FIELD-MARSHAL LORD WILLIAM PAULET.

1821, and accompanied the Duke of Cambridge to the Crimea, he took very little part in the struggle. After that, Lord William was a soldier at home, where he became Adjutant-General to the Forces and acquired the rank of General and Field-Marshal in course of time. He helped to administer the affairs of the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and of the Chelsea Hospital, and for nearly forty years he lived serenely remote from war's alarms. It may be hoped that Lord William has left his memoirs, for his intimate knowledge of the Duke of Cambridge ought to furnish a fund of entertaining anecdote.

Cardinal Vaughan's presidency at the annual meeting of the Art for Schools Association was a significant recognition of the wider part which art is likely to play in education and civilisation. The Cardinal expressed in very plain terms the respective functions of sacred and profane (or secular) art, insisting that each in its proper sphere might add to the knowledge and happiness of those who approached the one or the other in a proper spirit. He especially dwelt upon the work done by the Association in placing within the reach of school managers the best reproductions of the best works of art. Mrs. Westlake, who for many years had represented an important constituency on the London School Board, expressed her hope that the day was not far distant when the walls of all Board Schools would be compulsorily enlivened by good pictures, and her testimony to the value of the instruction conveyed by the eye was amply borne out by two of her Majesty's school inspectors and other competent authorities who addressed the meeting. The collection of works supplied by the Association can be seen any day at 29, Queen Square, Bloomsbury.

By the death of Mr. Ernest Cust, only son of the late Hon. Charles Cust, the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Mr. Henry J. Cust, M.P., becomes heir to the earldom of Brownlow. This ought to create a pleasant sensation in the circles of journalism. Never before have they known an editor who was a presumptive earl. Sprigs of the aristocracy have flourished by the pen ere this. When the Marquis of Salisbury was Lord Robert Cecil, he wrote for the *Saturday Review*, but he never directly conducted a paper, and Mr. Henry J. Cust is the first to surround an editorship with the halo of a coming coronet. There have been several striking cases of an unexpected accession to high rank. For instance, there was an under-master

at Mill-Hill School who in 1890 suddenly became Earl of Stamford. But Mr. Cust will probably agree with us that an editor is already so august a personage that even an earldom hovering over his head cannot add to his dignity.

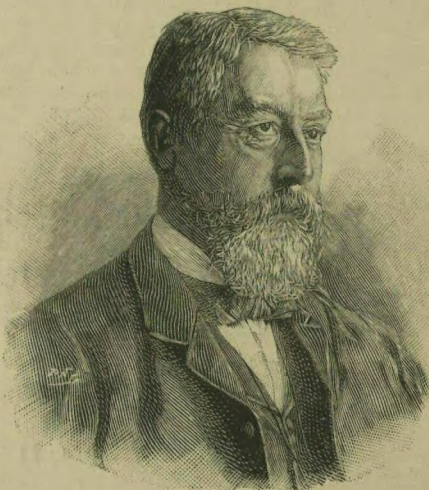
Although not yet past middle age, Sir William Cusins is fairly entitled to consider himself the *doyen* of English

Court musicians. He became a member of the Queen's Private Band in 1846, nine years after her Majesty came to the throne, and retained his place among the violins until 1867. He then undertook the duties of deputy conductor for his relative, the late Mr. G. F. Anderson, whom he succeeded three years afterwards, and held the post of conductor of the Private Band until May 1 in the present year. In the meantime, Sir William Cusins also acted as conductor of the Philharmonic Society for seventeen years—the longest period for which that position has yet been held by one man. He composed a "Serenata" for the wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales in 1863. Having at the time of his resignation completed twenty-five years' service as "Master of the Musick," he is entitled to a pension. His successor has not yet been named, and there is now some talk of subdividing the duties of the post by making the conductorship of the royal band distinct from the direction of the State concerts.

The architect of the Imperial Institute, Mr. Thomas E. Colcutt, has won a professional and practical success by

that important work, and may expect further praises whenever the most ornamental parts of the interior, the intended grand Reception Hall, the Library, and the Conference Hall of the Institute shall have been built, which will demand a further expenditure of £80,000. It must, we think, be

generally allowed that the front elevation, in the Imperial Institute Road, is stately and handsome; the central tower with its cupola, rising to 300 ft., is singularly graceful, and

MR. T. E. COLCUTT,
Architect of the Imperial Institute.

SIR WILLIAM CUSINS.

viewed from a short distance, looking over the gardens of the Natural History Museum in Cromwell Road, the new group of architectural features has a good effect. But the merits of utility and convenience in the internal arrangement of the parts already completed are not less deserving of public approval. Designs were furnished by several eminent architects, which would perhaps have been too magnificent for an edifice so closely surrounded, at the back and sides, by other buildings that must interfere with all but the front view. They would have also been too costly, so the judges, who were the late Lord Carnarvon, Lord Herschell, Sir Frederick Leighton, Sir Frederick Abel, and Mr. Waterhouse, decided to accept Mr. Colcutt's design, which was shown at the Paris Exhibition in 1889. The contractors, Messrs. Mowlem and Co., and Mr. Wallis, the clerk of the works, have merited commendation for the sincerity, care, and skill with which the construction has been performed. When finished, the inside decorations will present interesting specimens of various British, Irish, and Colonial marbles, Indian teak, and other materials supplied by different countries of the Empire represented in this appropriate building.

His Honour Judge Bayley, who died on May 4, in Cambridge Terrace, Hyde Park, at the age of ninety, was the oldest of the County

Court Judges, although not one of the original creation, which dates from 1847. Francis Bayley, third son of Rt. Hon. Sir John Bayley, a Justice of the Queen's Bench and afterwards a Baron of the Exchequer, was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he made no special mark.

He was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple 1827, and practised for some years. In 1849, two years after the first County Courts Act came into operation, he was appointed judge of the Westminster Court, and for more than forty years he sat regularly and administered justice impartially to within a few weeks of his decease. Judge Bayley was twice married, first, in 1830, to a daughter of the late Mr. Alexander Macdonald, of Westminster; and secondly, in 1854, to Mlle. Roulet, the daughter of a Neuchâtel gentleman—M. F. Roulet, of Peseux—who took a somewhat prominent part on the Swiss side in 1857, when the King of Prussia suddenly put forward certain obsolete claims and pretensions to the Principality of Neuchâtel.

A gallant attempt to extract humour from unpromising material is being made at the Comedy Theatre. In "The Great Unpaid" Mr. Fred Horner has striven to turn a French original into the innocuous diversion which is called a farcical comedy, and the result is a somewhat fitful entertainment sustained by the praiseworthy exertions of such excellent artists as Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. W. H. Vernon, Mr. H. Esmond, Mr. De Lange, Miss Mary Rorke, Miss Victor, and Miss Annie Hill. The whole point of the piece turns upon some incidents alleged to have happened at an inn, but incidents which have to be related instead of enacted are liable to be rather tame. Mr. Maude and Mr. Vernon represent the "great unpaid" in the persons of two justices of the peace, whose administration of the law would be more amusing if there were any substantial motive in the play. Mr. Pinero once took the liberty of putting a magistrate into very farcical situations, but he made them almost credible by the ingenious construction of his story. Unfortunately, Mr. Horner's plot is so vague that its interest is of the slightest.

The Home Secretary has declined to grant the application for the release, on the ground of ill-health, of the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland from Holloway Prison.

Sir Courtenay Boyle has been appointed Permanent Secretary to the Board of Trade, in the room of Sir Henry G. Calcraft, resigned.

OUR PORTRAITS.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Russell and Sons, 17, Baker Street, for the portrait of Mr. Colcutt; to Messrs. Byrne and Co., of Richmond, for that of the late Lord William Paulet; to Mr. Amos, of Dover, for that of the late Mr. Francis Bayley (Judge of the Westminster County Court); and to Messrs. Barraud, of Oxford Street, for that of Sir William Cusins.

GOLD CHAIN AND BADGE FOR THE BOROUGH
OF FALMOUTH.

Civic virtues take so high a place in the estimation of the public of to-day that it is always gratifying to find the worthy discharge of official duties acknowledged in a graceful and permanent form. We give an illustration of a gold chain and badge for the Borough of Falmouth, with the borough arms and motto enamelled in colours in centre of badge and the ancient and present arms of England above and below. Enamelled in colour on the centre link are the Prince of Wales's plumes, and the names of Mayors and dates of office are engraved on the principal links round the

chain. The reverse side of the badge bears the following inscription—"Thomas Webber, J.P., C.C., Woodville, Falmouth; Mayor of the old Borough 1836-7, 1837-8, and first Mayor of the enlarged Borough, 1893. John Henry Genn, Town Clerk, 1885; appointed in succession to his father, William James Genn, who held that office for thirty-six years." The chain and badge are admirable examples of the delicate art of the goldsmith, and were specially manufactured by the firm of Mappin and Webb, 158, Oxford Street, W., and 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

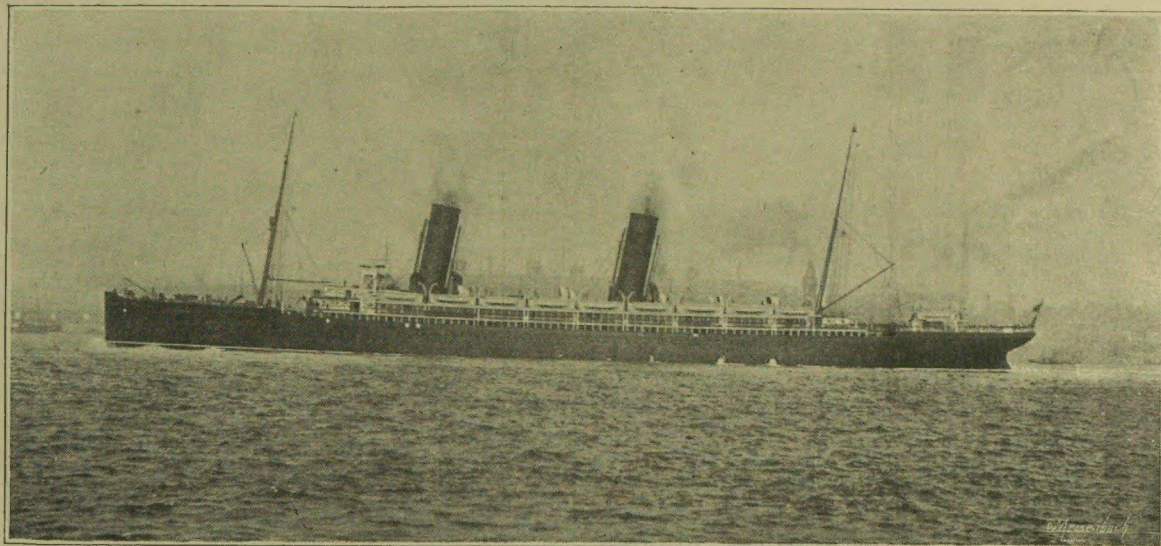
THE NEW COMIC OPERA AT THE SAVOY.

The new play of "Jane Annie" presents some diverting personages, and let us add that the music, despite its lack of individuality, has plentiful melodiousness and grace. As for the stage setting, it is the most artistic and satisfying that Mr. D'Oyly Carte has provided since Mr. Charles Harris has been his *metteur en scène*. But dramatic critics say that there is a great deal of delicate humour in "Jane Annie" that is too subtle for the comprehension of average audiences. Messrs. J. M. Barrie and A. Conan Doyle, in their search after novel ideas and unconventional methods of satirising the "passing show," have not only made many of their points needlessly obscure but they have neglected that elementary essential of the librettist's art—the provision of a clear, connected plot. There is some sort of story, of course, but we are not quite sure how it begins and we are certainly in considerable doubt about its ending. Hence two sensations—one of incipient boredom, the other of suspicion that matters can only be put completely straight by a third act. The cleverest dialogue in the world (which that of "Jane Annie" is not) and the most bright and fascinating of original music (which Mr. Ernest Ford has somehow failed to write) will not make a comic opera go down in these days without the aid of a good honest plot.

That "Jane Annie" contains some comic situations we are quite ready to admit. That most of them, however, are of a harmless burlesque type must also be conceded. The reigning conditions at Miss Sims's seminary, for instance, are as far removed from reality as the most fanciful person could desire. The liberty enjoyed by the young ladies is delightful. They stroll about the house after bedtime, receive nocturnal serenades through the window of the first-floor landing, elope (or try to) through the front door, and generally suggest that the boarding-school is a paradise of freedom. Not less remarkable is the easy accessibility of the place. The Proctor and his "bull-dogs" make themselves thoroughly at home on the

very threshold of the dormitories, and the Press students who are working for "honours" in journalism evidently enjoy a "right of entry" that is not vouchsafed to common mortals. All this, we know, is Gilbertian (or something like it), and consequently the proper thing in a Savoy comic opera. The characters are drawn in much the same spirit, and, needless to add, are portrayed with the requisite semblance of seriousness. Mr. Rutland Barrington's Proctor is a delicious caricature of the vain, conceited University don, who never can by any chance

"biggest sneak" in the school. Jane Annie, the young lady just referred to, is rather a puzzle, especially when she takes to hypnotising people in the most unexpected manner; on the other hand, Bab, the bad girl, is a more consistent damsel, and, notwithstanding her naughtiness, the far more lovable of the two. Miss Dorothy Vane and Miss Decima Moore are excellent in these two characters, and they both act as delightfully as they sing and dance, which is saying a great deal. Bab's two lovers, Jack the Lancer and Tom the undergraduate, would be very colourless individuals but for the spirit infused into them by Messrs. Scott Fiske and Charles Kenningham, and the former gives a particularly clever burlesque of the swaggering *militaire* who is "not such a fool as he looks."



THE NEW CUNARD LINE STEAM-SHIP CAMPANIA.

THE NEW CUNARD STEAM-SHIP CAMPANIA.

From New York (Sandy Hook bar, at the harbour entrance) to the Mersey (Rock Light) outside Liverpool, in six days, four hours, and twenty-nine minutes, including a stoppage at Queenstown, is a record-beating trip across the Atlantic, performed by the Campania between Saturday, May 6, and Friday, May 12, with an average speed of 507 miles daily. The Irish coast was reached in five days and fifteen hours. This ship and her sister, the Lucania, now being completed at the Fairfield Shipbuilding Company's yard on the Clyde, will have cost a million sterling, and excel in size and steam-power all vessels now afloat. The dimensions of the Campania are second only to the Great Eastern, with 625 ft. length, and her capacity is 13,000 tons; her engines, of 30,000-horse power, work twin screws which can revolve 84½ times in a minute, and she is formed on the lines of a racing yacht. She carries a crew of 415, 600 first-class passengers, 400 second-class, and from 700 to 1000 third-class. The dining-saloon, with seats for 400, the drawing-room, and other apartments for the use of first-class passengers, are very spacious and handsome, and are furnished with electric light.

make a mistake, yet, forsooth, never does anything else but make them. Whether concealed in a clock-case, cheating interviewers, bullying his bulldogs, or flirting with the bad girl of the school, this eminent official is always amusing. Another odd creation is the pompous little page-boy, Caddie, who plays quite an important part in the development of the second act. This youngster is genuinely funny, and is impersonated with conspicuous talent by Master Harry Rignold. Miss Sims, the school-mistress, as impersonated by that talented artist, Miss Rosina Brandram, is precisely the kind of indulgent, easy-going person who would allow her boarders to assemble at midnight in their dressing-jackets, before all the Press students, while she presented the good-conduct prize to the girl who was the



OPENING OF THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE: DEPARTURE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Instantaneous Photograph by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

OPENING OF THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY PRONOUNCING THE BENEDICTION.

THE REBEL QUEEN

BY
WALTER BESANT.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Grim-visaged War hath smoothed his wrinkled front.
Richard III.

IIUS, from generation
to generation, do all
things interest and

concern ourselves," Emanuel continued. "Remember that; and now you are prepared for my Discovery."

"Is it a Physical Discovery?"

"Surely. It is only by Physical Discoveries that the world is prepared to understand the things unseen. Men who are ignorant understand nothing but terror. Most men of the present day understand little besides Terror. Here and there, among the better sort, there are enlargements. What we have said here would not be understood at all by the people in this street. Let us take one of our neighbours, some good man who worships with his household in church every Sunday. I say to him 'The Lord created the whole world. The Lord put man into it, saying: "Find out for yourself how good it is. Whatever you find out you shall have for your very own enjoyment in your next life. The world is full of secrets—search for them. And of forces—conquer them. Thousands of years may pass before you find out anything. Wait. You will always be restless, not knowing why. After thousands of years you shall begin to discover, and you shall then begin to enjoy. Always you will be the same man." What would our average man understand of such a message? You might as well ask him to understand the Prophet Isaiah—or the Integral Calculus. But we are all blind, more or less. How can we teach the world to clear its eyes and see? Oh!" he threw out his arms. "We want a keener sight—we must have it—we must get it—somehow, we must. For want of a stronger sight the clouds that we have partly driven back keep closing round us again—not altogether. No . . . that cannot be."

"And your Discovery?" said Francesca.

The Discoverer seemed in no hurry to announce his great Find. He went on leading slowly up to it by many winds and turns. "When I fully apprehended the truth—it was my first discovery—about the past and the future of mankind, I could at first think of nothing else. It held me with a firm grip. I went about reeling with the weight and grandeur of

it; I could at first think of nothing else. It made me do foolish things. I wasted time in the futile task of looking for myself in the past. I looked for myself—such was my vanity—among the great men of old—I placed myself beside them—I fancied I found myself here and there. Whenever there was a great thing done I thought I might have done it. Vain and foolish! I should have understood from the first that it is better to do something in the present than to persuade myself that I had done something in the past. Besides, among all the millions on the earth a thousand years ago, what chance was there of finding any single soul? So I gave up considering the past, and I turned to the present and the future."

"That was before you met me?" said Harold.

"Seventeen years before. It was soon after my great trouble fell upon me. I first thought of going away in order to forget it; soon after I lost my wife, whom I loved," he explained, gently. "Then I realised that wherever I travelled I should be only surveying and exploring my own inheritance, mine. This made the world far more interesting. I had no money, but I wanted none. Our people are everywhere, and I had my art—my trade. All over the world men are ready to buy things carved in wood. It is a most useful trade: by means of it I could keep myself and could get passed on from house to house, from city to city. In this way, walking, riding, being carried, I have wandered about—I hardly know where. Everywhere I have wandered contemplating man—myself—and thinking what should be done for man—myself—to abate his sufferings—my sufferings—in the future. I saw what I should have to become, and I began to consider carefully what I could do that would be best for them."

"And your Discovery?" Francesca repeated, expectant. What had he discovered worthy of this long preamble?

"It was not yet made. My mind was vague. All I considered, then, was the vast future stretching out before me, and the slow upward march of man in which I should join. I perceived, further, that the world is not yet ripe for receiving this revelation. The substitution of hope for terror; of general for individual advance; to think of death as only an occasional incident, perhaps causing a little physical pain for the moment; to consider all mankind in every generation as working for themselves in the next generation—this would be too much for the world to receive. Even for myself, it was as much as I could clearly grasp. Even now, after years of meditation, I am always discovering new aspects of the truth."

"It would be enough for most men," said Mr. Hayling.

"Yes, but another thought began to take shape. It became an intense longing with me to do something that the whole world should feel. At first one does not consider the presumption of the thing; it seems even a small thing to ask: the vanity of believing oneself capable of such a thing does not at the outset present itself. When, however, I understood the greatness of the thing, and the presumption of asking it, I became ashamed. And then I prayed daily that at least I might never by word or deed say or do aught that might hinder the march of man. Even the lowest and the meanest can do something, just by leading an honest life, to advance the world. Great is the power of simple honesty, which, besides, is everywhere so rare—so rare."

He paused again. Once more that strange feeling, as of faintness, stole over his listeners. For the second time that evening Francesca lost the sense of the place, and seemed to stand where she had been told to stand, upon the Burial-Place of all the Dead.

"What, in short, should a man attempt for the good of the world? Ask yourselves this question. What would you give the world if you were permitted to give it something? First of all, you think—everybody begins with this—life is too short, especially for those who inquire. Well, you would lengthen life. Think of the gratitude of man—man of the present—if you were to give him another hundred years—and

yet another—
and another!
Consider, next,
how would he
spend that additional span? He
would live, then,
as he lives now:



In the course of time he found himself in the smoking-room of his club.

length of life would not change his nature; he would go on getting more money: he would go on sweating his employes and cheating: he would be discontented because he had to work, and could not feast all day long. Would the world be advanced by lengthening man's life? Not a whit: length of days, I say, would not change man's nature. With such a long period before him he would only desire all the more vehemently the things, the animal things which he now desires so ardently."

"Life should not be lengthened," said Harold, "for the general herd. Perhaps, however, in the case of the deserving. . . ."

"No—no. There can be no exceptions. Men must be taken altogether. Well—you would say next, that there is too much disease: you would destroy disease. Well. But what does pain do for man? At least it now keeps him always in recognition of his own imperfections; it gives him sympathies: it makes him brave; it stimulates him to the increase of knowledge. Would the destruction of pain, with all these consequences, make man braver and stronger and less selfish? Not so. Men, as men now are, would only become harder. They would fear no consequences; they would care nothing for others. No, no; we must suffer men to be tortured with pain for many thousands of years yet to come. We may avert one disease after another, but still a new one will spring up."

"Good," said Harold, "we will leave disease to the doctors."

"Then there are gifts material. The chemist will quite certainly, some day, confer upon man a kind of food costing nothing and within the reach of all. He might, and he will, increase the fertility of the soil enormously; these things will shorten the hours of labour. Then the electrician might—and he will—enable men to travel round the world in an hour; any of these things may any day be done for the world; but if you think, any of these things would only increase the evils that exist. They will not come until men are ready for them. Then, all—all—everything that can be imagined will come; but gradually—not till the world becomes ready for each successive step will it be granted to the world; not till then will it be permitted. In the fullness of time man shall be allowed to live for two hundred, three hundred, five hundred years. Think you that the age of the Patriarchs is set down falsely? Oh! we know not—mind of man cannot conceive—what shall be done by science in the future, by man for man, by man for himself, his own successors. But not suddenly; gradually, as man's nature advances, step by step, sometimes after thousands of years, for we advance so slowly—we keep ourselves back so obstinately. In the fullness of time disease and sickness shall be stories of the past. Then at last man will become less, not more, selfish as we relieve him of pain and suffering. Life shall be prolonged—how long? I know not what limit shall ultimately be placed. Of the things good for man there shall be plenty for all. There shall be neither rich nor poor. All our senses shall be sharpened to a degree we cannot even understand; compared with the music of the future, our own will be but as the drone of the savage's pipe. My friends, I faint, I fall sick with yearning—only to think of what the world shall be in the years to come, in the far-off generations yet to come. Oh! You and I will meet somewhere in that world, and we will recall this evening beside the graveyard where we talked of these things, and our hearts were uplifted with our talk."

He paused, his eyes rapt. Presently the Prophet went on again.

"What, then, should a man attempt? Surely his best gift would be something by which it will be made more possible for man to advance. Think of the dead—ourselves—through all the ages. What have they been doing? They tilled the earth; they kept cattle; they made wine; they loved; they lay down with disease; they died. What else. Why, my friends, they fought—they fought—they fought incessantly. Disease killed them by thousands: even by tens of thousands. They paid no heed; it seemed to them as if fevers and agues were necessary things. What they thought about was War. What they talked about was War. They thought of War all their lives; they think of War now. For one man who thinks of Peace there are a dozen who think of War."

"But War is going out," said Mr. Hayling. "There has been no great war for sixteen years. Perhaps there will be no more War."

"There are at this moment, Anthony, fifteen millions of men in civilised countries under drill and in arms! There have been great wars in this century, in Russia, China, Italy, Spain, Turkey, Greece, France, Germany, Denmark, Austria, the United States, Mexico, South America, Africa, India—that is to say, over nearly the whole of the globe. And you think there will be no more wars? For every single man who is working in the laboratory, or in the hospital, or in the library, there are now a hundred working in the barracks upon drill of men and weapons of precision. Yet you think there will be no more War."

"We hope that the very magnitude of the armaments will keep off war."

"That is the saying of smooth things. Was there no magnitude of armaments in 1870 and in 1876? Did that magnitude keep off war? No—my friends—War will begin again and that before long. War frightful, terrible, far spreading. But there is at least a chance—nay—a certainty. You may prevent it, Harold, if you choose."

"I? How can I?"

"I am in my sober senses. You are a chemist. You shall destroy War—you—for the whole future of the world there shall be no more War. I will enable you to destroy War—nothing less—to make War not only mad, which it always has been, but impossible. Do you hear? Impossible!"

"How?"

"By my Discovery. You three people—my friends—do not believe me. Very well, I repeat: it has been granted to

me—to me—of all mankind—to discover that which shall for ever abolish the greatest evil of all that afflicts the world. To me, I say. Better and wiser men should have found out this simple thing. They had noble laboratories to work in; I had a spirit lamp and a few bottles in an upper chamber borrowed of a physician in Cairo. Yet it was no chance discovery. Had it been so, I should have called it a revelation direct from the Lord. For that matter, every good thing that comes direct, or that grows gradually in the brain, is by inspiration. I perceive, when I look back, that the germ of it had lain in my mind unsuspected for many years. I told you how the secret was near being lost while the Russians drove me across their accursed country—enough of that."

"In Heaven's name, Emanuel, what is your Discovery?" cried Harold.

"In Heaven's name I will tell you," returned Emanuel, solemnly. "What I have discovered is nothing short—I repeat—nothing short of the abolition of war—the instant abolition of war this moment."

"Well—well—but how? How? Speak, man."

"The abolition of war: the destruction of the military spirit: the end of fighting. You laugh—incredulous as Sarai. The end of fighting. Man has fought without ceasing since we first began to watch him: to be a man is still to be a soldier: henceforth, he will fight no more. I have told you three of my Discovery because I want you to consider what it means. Follow me for a moment. Fifteen millions of soldiers, to begin with, will return to civil life; conscription will be at an end; military service will be no more required; the heavy burden of taxation will cease; the vast sums now collected for war will be used for peace; the sword shall be turned into a pruning-hook; and the thought and work which are expended upon war will now be turned to things of peace. Rid of this incubus at last, the world will be free to march on."

"Tell me, Emanuel, without more words. Quick! You have beaten about the bush long enough. Tell me now."

"Yes, I will tell you. As for you two, you are not chemists." He drew out a pocket-book and found in it a paper inscribed with certain diagrams and letters of chemical formulæ. "You understand that, of course?"

"Of course," said Harold.

He added a few more letters. "And that?"

"Certainly."

"Then," he said, "if I add this, and this, and this, we have a formula which you will begin to understand."

Harold considered for a few moments. As he looked at the letters his colour changed; his cheek grew pale in the twilight; his hand trembled. "Good Heavens!" he cried at last. "I begin to understand."

"To-morrow I will make a few experiments with you in your laboratory."

"Good Heavens!" Harold repeated, his eyes fixed on the paper. "Yes, I see what might be the result; we will try—we will try to-morrow."

"What is it?" cried Francesca. "Explain it, Harold."

"What it means," Emanuel himself explained, "is this. In future any one man armed with the weapon which I propose to present to the whole world may at a safe distance—himself unseen—destroy a whole army, a whole camp, a whole city, a whole fleet. One man will be able to do this. What do you say, Harold?"

"It may be so. As yet, I can hardly grasp the meaning of the thing. Yet it would seem so. One man. Then one man may meet an army: one man may fight for a whole nation."

It was midnight before their conversation stopped. In vain Nelly summoned them to supper; they would not listen: they would not break up their talk. Nelly sat down by herself, and presently went to bed, but still they talked in the garden beside the Burial-Place of all the Dead, and projected a world of universal peace.

When, at last, Francesca left them still talking, and stole away to her own room, it was with a beating heart and a burning cheek. For they alone, that little company of four, held in their hands the secret of that Universal peace for which, all the world over, men do fondly pray. The words she had heard—the things she had learned—burned in her heart like coals of fire; a Voice cried aloud within her brain, so that she alone heard it, saying ancient words—words that were familiar—she had heard them before, somewhere—all the words that ever we have heard may come back to us some time or other. "Sing, O Heavens!" cried the Voice within her. "Sing, O Heavens! and be joyful, O Earth! Sing unto the Lord a new song. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust; the Earth shall cast out the Dead. The whole Earth is at rest and is quiet."

An hour later, Harold, too, left the garden, and so out of the house.

In the course of time he found himself in the smoking-room of his Club. It was half-past one.

"How did I get here?" he asked. "This Club-room, I now perceive, is only part of the Palace of Make-Believe. I have been out of it into the land of the Real. I have seen the Past and the Future, and this Discovery—this awful Discovery, this great and terrible Discovery! What shall be done with it? How shall we handle this terrible and awful Thing?"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Allons, enfants de la Patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!

It was long past midnight when Francesca, unable to sleep, for this Voice within her which continued to cry aloud in her brain, and for the disquiet of her thoughts, threw open the window of her room, and sat before it, drawing back the hanging branches of the Virginia creeper. There was no moon, but it was not a dark night: the sky was clear: the summer twilight lay over the graves and white tombs of the broad burial-ground; the air was quite still, there were no noises of carts or tramping feet from road or street; all the people in

the house—all the people in all the streets all around her—were asleep.

In the room below her, Nelly, kept long awake with the thought of what she meant to do on the morrow, had cried herself to sleep. Even the Great Inventor, who had made her one of the conspiracy against the arbitration of war, slept the sleep of the righteous. Francesca alone was waking. Now, in the dead of night, to be sleepless in a house is to be alone in the world. She sat at the open window, and she gazed into the peaceful night full of bewildering thoughts. Had it been possible she would willingly have inclined her heart to thoughts more fit for youth. Her lover had come back to her—this persistent lover who would not take No for an answer. He had come back, this importunate young man, always with the same question of his, as if he thought about nothing else; he had come back, and even before his question could be put, before he had time to ask that question, she had answered it by a confession. And then, just as Winged Love was visible flying about them, shooting darts and wounding hearts, and laughing aloud for joy, there appeared this Prophet—the Prophets of the present day are all physicists, chemists, and inquirers into the Laws of Nature—and rudely brushed away poor Love, and talked of mighty issues, the deathlessness of the Soul and the dearth of Humanity, and the abolition of War. How could an insignificant girl, after such an evening, after such a discussion, think about Love and her own happiness? How could she think of herself at all, after discourse for three long hours on themes so great? All the things that she had heard that night lay in her brain, and appeared to her one upon the other. Woman, it is true, does not create, but she shapes and moulds, and sometimes makes things change in a most surprising manner. She perceives what is going to happen; she watches Man the Inventor at his work; and she foretells—except in the case of her own children, when she is mercifully allowed to be blind—she foretells exactly what will come to pass; always and before everything else woman is a witch; she pretends to read the hand; she pretends to read the stars; she pretends to read the cards. Crafty woman! For she reads the soul. She watches a man, and she perceives which way he walks, and what will be his goal. Under the midnight sky Francesca put forth the powers of her sex. She saw Emanuel the Inventor at his work, and, woman-like, she began slowly at first, and painfully, to read the future—to understand what would follow.

All night she sat at the window, her head wrapped in something white and soft, just as she had sat four years ago at a window in a certain hotel, where she watched the Procession of mankind, and listened to the Voice of the crowd. It was the same crowd that passed before her now, only mixed with another crowd which arose from the tombs and joined their living brethren. The crowd took shape: it became a vast army. All the soldiers who had ever fought and fallen in the battles of the world—millions, countless millions of men marched before her; all the living armies of the world tramped across the Plain in endless line, carrying spears and swords, bows and arrows, guns and bayonets. And a Voice cried, "Halt!" Then in a moment all stood still. And the Voice went on, "Lo! War shall be no more. War is ended. There shall be no more war. For a child shall destroy an army, and a little child shall destroy a mighty City. Ye shall fight no more." Then the soldiers, sighing and sorrowful, for they loved War and feared not the agony of wounds, nor did they dread the chance of death, began with one consent to turn their swords into reaping-hooks, until there were more reaping-hooks than fields to reap, and their spears into ploughshares, until there were more ploughshares than acres to plough. They cut the parchment from the drums and gave it to the lawyers—there was enough for many generations of lawyers. The drums themselves they turned into firewood, and no more wood was cut for a hundred years. The armourers broke up the helmets and breastplates and cuirasses into scrap-iron, and no more iron ore was put into the furnace for a thousand years. The guns they melted down to gun-metal, out of which they made door-handles and bells and fire-stoves for all the houses in the world: so wonderful and so plentiful were the muniments of war.

Francesca stood by and looked on. She was the woman who waits at home while her lover and her brother go forth to fight; she was the woman who prays without ceasing for their safety; she was the woman who nurses the wounded; the woman who makes the lint; she was the woman who welcomes the victors when they come home again—ragged and scarred, but triumphant. She looked on and listened, and presently she spoke. "Oh! I have waited for this day since the world began for man and woman. At last! my bleeding heart will bleed no more. There shall be no more war—my father, my lover, my brother! You will stay with me at home and work in peace." But alas! these soldiers of all the ages, instead of rejoicing because they would not have to go out any more to be killed and mutilated, burst into passionate lamentations. "Give us back," they cried, "give us back our swords! Beat the drum again and blow the bugle. Without the joy of battle we shall become cowards; we shall be like the worms of the earth, we shall do nothing; we shall sink and fall. Manhood will perish—we shall sink and fall. Give us back, once more, the Way of War!"

Such ingratitude can men display towards him who bestows the choicest blessings!

In the morning she came down pale, silent, and agitated. Had she not been *distracted* she could not have failed to perceive that Nelly's face was stained with tears and her eyes red; that she hung her head over the tea-cups and said not one word. Emanuel, for his part, looked like a man who has accomplished some great task: his eyes were satisfied: his work for the moment was done: nay, he might have been satisfied with that one piece of work. Surely to abolish War for ever—to make it impossible—is enough for one short life. He would be justly entitled the rest of his days to repose and to

meditate. By meditation the wise man of the East grows in wisdom. He blessed the bread and brake it. He sat down in silence and took his tea: and in silence that breakfast was concluded.

After breakfast Francesca joined Emanuel in the garden, where he was completing a panel. Strange and incongruous! The man who was about to abolish War was finishing a little piece of carving with a file and some sandpaper.

"Master," Francesca began, timidly, "I have been awake most of the night—who could sleep after such a discourse as yours?—thinking over all you told us."

"Yes, child. I saw that you were moved, and I was glad. So was Harold."

"It was all new to me: the soul that passes on from life to life, reaping for itself that which itself has sown; the man that works always for himself and suffers, or is helped according to his work; it is so great a thing that it dazzled and bewildered me—that alone. I have never been taught any religion. I was told that when I grew up I could think and read, and consider and choose for myself. I had never imagined anything so wonderful and so grand as this great and endless continuity of existence. I had always thought myself an ephemeral and insignificant creature, born yesterday, living to-day, and dying to-morrow. You make me part of the world."

"Yes: we are, one and all, part and parcel of the Eternal world."

"And then while I was still overwhelmed with the greatness of a Revelation which fills me with happiness unspeakable, and lifts up my soul so that I feel transformed, you tell me what you have done for us, and for our children—that is, for ourselves. I was so full of wonder that I could not sleep. I could not lie down. I sat at the window, and Visions came to me. Master, you are a magician; you change my thoughts; you change my heart; you fill me with new things. Yet this Vision terrified me."

"Go on, child. Tell me all."

"Oh! It was all so wonderful, so wonderful. No more War; and the world to work at nothing henceforth but the advance of the Reign of Righteousness."

"The cry of the nations," said Emanuel, looking up from his work, "shall be silenced. No more slaughter, no more waste of war." Emanuel laid down his tools and stood up to talk. "In every Christian church, in every synagogue, in every mosque, in every heathen temple, day after day, year after year, generation after generation, goes up the same prayer. In the English Church they pray, 'Give us peace in our time, O Lord,' and they ask to be kept 'from battle, murder, and from sudden death.' In the Hebrew Prophets the worst evil of any is the invasion of the armed host. They constantly promise peace as the greatest blessing to the faithful. 'They shall no more be the prey of the Heathen,' said Ezekiel. 'Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders,' says Isaiah. 'Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.' These are the words of Micah. Yes. Violence shall be no more heard in our borders. To be the instrument whereby the prophecies of Israel's Prophets are fulfilled; is it not a great thing, child?"

"It is so great a thing that it takes away my breath. Oh! to think that here, in this obscure spot of London, there is a man who can make War impossible for all future time! Men will leave off fighting. It is so great a thing, that I hardly dare even to tell you what terrified me in my vision."

"Nay, child, speak out all that is in your mind. It is by speech that we gather from each other understanding. You have some doubt in your mind."

"Have I the presumption to doubt?"

"Confess your doubts, child. I will be your father confessor, and resolve your difficulties and absolve your sins. What is your doubt?"

"I could not control the vision, Emanuel. It shaped itself." Then she told him—thus and thus it happened.

"In this Vision," said Emanuel, "you have seen things suggested by your ignorance and your want of faith. You cannot understand the change of heart that belongs to the Reign of Peace. To begin with, it will be a world

of righteousness. That is implied in all the Prophets. Righteousness and Justice will reign; there will be peaceful industry, with light and easy work for all; with such a spread of knowledge as we cannot imagine; with such a thirst for knowledge as we have never yet seen; with the abolition of disease; with the lengthening of life far beyond the Patriarchal term; with such deep and prolonged and sustained research into the hidden things in Nature, and such discoveries as no one yet—no, not even a poet—has been able so much as to see in dim and mysterious Vision. At present, when a man has acquired all the knowledge that he can: when he is at his wisest and best, he has to die. What becomes of the accumulations of knowledge in his brain? Are they lost to the world? I know not. Yet I know that heat may be dissipated but not destroyed. Why not, then, the knowledge that a man acquires? Child! There are no bounds—none—which we can dare to set to the march of Humanity when War shall be no more. I cannot trust myself to put into words the Vision of that future. And it will be brought

but it must be labour undisturbed by war, or violence, or injustice."

Still she was not moved. She felt ashamed of her coldness; she thought of the evening and wondered why. "You shame me, Master. I cannot rise to your height; I will say nothing more. It would only pain you if I were to speak what is in my mind."

"Nay, child. Your eyes are still full of trouble. Like the King, you are haunted by your dream. You should be carried away by the picture of this new Heaven and new Earth, but you are not touched. Doubt troubles you."

"If I may speak, then. But you are so wise, you will understand, you will forgive. The world, you say, to begin with, must be a world of righteousness. But, to begin with, Master, it is very far as yet from being a world of righteousness. Everybody tells me that the world is full of greed, thievery, cunning, and lies. I see the poor people slaving for their livelihood to make others rich. Oh! what things have I learned since I came here! Why, before you taught me,

before I saw with eyes, I knew nothing—nothing. And yet they wanted me to speak and write; they wanted me—actually me, the most ignorant person in all the world—to write, and speak, and argue about the problems of human life! I knew nothing. And now, being only on the threshold, I seem to know so much, though what I know is little indeed. I ought not to speak even in a whisper. The world is full of wickedness, is it not?"

"It is. Every man fights for himself. Order and law are maintained, so that every man undisturbed may overreach his neighbours. In savagery every man was an enemy of every other man, without law; in civilisation every man is an enemy of every other man under the protection of the law."

"Every man fights," Francesca repeated. "That is why my soldiers cried and lamented. You have taken away from them the fighting instinct. What they meant, I think, was that man who fights is man who makes, and invents, and leads, and excels. Without the fighting instinct, would he be a man any longer? He would be a woman, and most women"—to these depths had Francesca fallen!—"desire nothing more than to sit down and make the best of what they have. Man must fight, said my soldiers, or the world will stand still. This is the only reason that I can understand why my soldiers lamented at the laying down of their arms."

"You are not able at once to grasp the whole meaning of things," said Emanuel, somewhat coldly.

"No. But this morning I have been thinking again and trying to picture a world of universal peace. And oh! my Master, to me it is not the world of the Prophets. The arsenals are left to decay: the guns are honeycombed with rust; the soldiers are disbanded. No more war; no more fighting. The very schoolboys not allowed to fight. A world filled with men

who can no longer fight or defend themselves. Will they cease to prey upon each other?"

"The Reign of Peace is the Reign of Righteousness."

"The Reign of Peace will begin to-day. Will the Reign of Righteousness begin also to-day? The men I see are no longer what we call men: they have lost their gallant bearing. They can no longer walk upright: there is no resolution in their looks. They have lost the sense of honour, because honour grew up with the necessity of fighting. Is it not too soon for your Discovery? Must we not make the world righteous before we give it Peace? What will become of a world full of wickedness from which you have taken war?"

"Nay—but a world of Righteousness," said Emanuel, doggedly. "Is it not written in the Books of the Prophets?"

"I speak as a woman—and a woman cannot love a man except for some quality not possessed by herself, that she finds or imagines in him. She must at least think him brave—a man who can dare. When courage goes out of man Love will depart from her. Men and women love opposites, not the same thing."

"Nay," said the Master, "But in the Prophets it is written that War shall cease and Knowledge shall reign." He sat down and resumed his work without attempting to persuade. He had spoken and had failed to move her. Enough. But when he rose from his work an hour later, his eyes were troubled. The woman's prophetic Vision had left its mark.

(To be continued.)



Nelly, kept long awake with the thought of what she meant to do on the morrow, had cried herself to sleep.

about by my agency—mine—mine—mine. I have no children to rejoice in their father—therefore I give it to Harold, and I go away and am presently lost among the countless dead—lost and forgotten. But the Thing remains."

He spoke with far more animation than in the evening. Yet his words failed to move the girl. His voice, rich and soft and musical, rose and fell. He stood before her using such gesture as becomes a great and solemn subject. Yet he moved her not. Why should he move her so deeply in the evening, yet in the morning could not move her a whit? She waited for the responsive lifting of her heart, but none came.

He passed his hand before his eyes as one who is blinded by light. "It is the vision which was granted to Isaiah, were my eyes able to bear that glory. He saw in that vision that a time would come when a Man should be as a hiding-place from the wind—and when princes shall rule in judgment. It would be after many and evil days—how many days have we waited since that vision was proclaimed? How many evil days have we endured? At last it should come: and the work of righteousness should be peace—peace, child—and the people should dwell in quiet resting places. The Oriental speaks of rest, because to him labour in the hot sun is wearisome; here the Prophet would speak of work undisturbed, because in this land, where the sun warms but does not burn, labour is a joy,

TROOPS AT THE OPENING OF THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTÉ.



THE NAVAL BRIGADE PRESENTING ARMS AS THE QUEEN PASSED.

Gunner, Canadian Artillery.

Field Officer, Canadian Artillery.

1st Dragoons (Canadian).

Sergeant, Canadian Infantry.



Officer, 1st Canadian Infantry.

SOME OF THE CANADIAN CONTINGENT.

TROOPS AT THE OPENING OF THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.



INDIAN AND COLONIAL CONTINGENTS.



INDIAN CAVALRY.

RED INDIAN MAGIC.

BY ANDREW LANG.

According to a Red Man of the Dènè Hareskin tribe there are four sorts of "shadow" or magic. These are beneficent or healing magic, "white witchcraft," maleficent sorcery, hunting magic, and recreative or amusing magic (Petitot. "Traditions Indiennes du Canada Nord-Ouest," p. 277). Of these among the tribes of North America we know the first three from many accounts by travellers and missionaries. Healing or beneficent magic much resembles the practices of our own rural "wise men": stones, sand, bits of wood are extracted from the patient, and the spirits that plague him are driven away by noise and threats. The second, or malevolent magic, is also very like that of Europe: it works by "sympathy," by striking or burning images of the enemy, and by sending evil spirits against him. The hunting magic either entraps the beasts by catching them in effigy, or the sorcerer throws himself into a trance, and his soul is guided, by a beautiful young man, to the place where game may be found. Many curious examples occur in John Tanner's narrative of his life among the Indians. Caught young, Tanner adopted the religion of his tribe, and often practised successfully the medicine dream, or clairvoyance. A singular parallel occurs in a dream of St. Monica, mother of St. Augustine. The fourth kind of magic, for simple amusement, is that which perhaps best deserves examination, which it can hardly be said to have received. Petitot gives no examples in his "Traditions Indiennes." This kind of magic is most familiar to us in India, where the tales of Fakirs skilled in wonderful feats are very ancient, and are known to most persons. We find Mr. Max Müller, in "Psychological Religion," inclined to admit that the adepts can be "levitated," or defy the law of gravitation; and in his article on Madame Blavatsky in the *Nineteenth Century* he allows that they can do strange things. Recently, in the *North American Review*, Mr. Kellar, a professed conjurer and foe of "mediums," described the way in which Zulu and Hindoo magicians outdid his own prodigies, and astonished him. In South Africa and in India he saw the phenomenon of levitation, which he also witnessed when performed by the discredited Mr. Eginton. That person said, long ago, that he puzzled Mr. Kellar, and Mr. Kellar admits the truth of the statement.

The amusing, or purely prodigious, side of Red Indian magic has been much neglected. Hearne, in his book on the Coppermine River, records some feats, chiefly of swallowing huge boards of wood, which he and others witnessed, disbelieved in, of course, but could not explain. In "La Relation de la Nouvelle France" (1648), Father Lalemant reports that the Arendiouanne, or jugglers, failed when they tried to perform in his presence; for example, by resuscitating a dead animal ("Relation," 1648, p. 70.) As a rule, the Fathers were pretty sceptical on those heads; a few suspected that the Devil really was in the shaken medicine tent of the conjurer, more thought the whole affair imposture. They were on terms of mutual suspicion with Hurons and Iroquois, and saw little of the magic of amusement. The best account of this kind of jugglery which I know is in Mr. Grinnell's excellent new book, "Pawnee Folk Tales" (Nutt), in the section on "Medicine and Mysteries." "Clear-headed, intelligent white men, whose powers of observation have been highly trained, have confessed themselves wholly unable to explain these startling performances or to hazard a guess as to the means by which they were accomplished." They are performed by "naked men," in the open air, or in a lodge, on a floor of hard earth, the spectators being within eight yards and "often much nearer." The simplest feats are mere swallowing of arrows and a foot or so of a spear. Better is what Captain L. H. North, a well-known acquaintance of the Pawnees, attests. Naked men, with horns of elks on their heads, entered the ring. The magician shot at them with iron-headed arrows, which the lookers-on first inspect. The arrows fly back in the air from the naked bodies, leaping off them to a height of twenty feet. The points (of sheet-iron) are bent back, the shafts are split, the men are uninjured. Now, this is very good conjuring. Many such instances are reported.

We have all heard of the Oriental mango-tree trick, of the tree which grows under the Eastern magician's hands. But it grows beneath a cover, and no doubt the trick is wrought by legerdemain. The Pawnee practice is better, and is attested by Major North, the best authority on the Pawnees. He has seen, in a lodge, the hard floor broken up in a little circle, the size of a dinner-plate. The ground was watered, the conjurer planted maize. Then he left the place and sang a song. A tiny green blade then shot up, and grew fifteen inches in twenty minutes. The Major had now to leave the lodge to help a white woman who was fainting. The white men who remained assured him that the corn grew to full height, and that an ear from it was plucked by the conjurer and handed to the spectators. A similar feat was done with a cedar berry. It grew to three feet in height, and had a bunch of fresh and growing roots. The trick is like that of the mango-tree, but performed in circumstances much more extraordinary. "I have never found anyone who could even suggest an explanation," says Mr. Grinnell. Bear Chief, an old Pawnee, reports a case in which the conjurer took a fawn-skin; he shook it, and it became a living fawn. This is

the trick which Father Lalemant's Hurons could not do. He set a square-cut cedar branch on a rock and no one could pull it off. Among the Blackfeet ("Blackfoot Lodge Tales," p. 286), "The stuffed skin of an animal becomes alive, and by its power affects a cure. Many examples of this might be given but for lack of space. Entirely honest Indians and white men have seen such cures and believe in them." We know how easily some Europeans fall under the spell of barbarous beliefs, but Captain North and Major North can hardly be included in this class. We are induced to believe that some Pawnee conjurers, like Mr. Haggard's Zulu, "can make men see what they do not see" in a very remarkable manner, and even this hardly explains the maize and cedar-tree tricks. The fawn-skin trick requires amazing skill in legerdemain, but we have it only on Indian evidence. The white spectators are not cited. The Pawnees are rapidly dying out, though the remnant has taken to agriculture and hard work. But, if it were only in the interests of conjuring, their magic of amusement deserves examination. Their ordinary magic involves "telepathy" and clairvoyance; things which, if they exist at all, might be expected to flourish most among savages, especially if philosophers are right who think them a waning part of man's original equipment. If Mr. Kellar or some other civilised conjurer would examine Red Indian magic, he might, at least, add some tricks to his collection.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The most important subject this week is perhaps the report presented to the Upper House of the Canterbury Convocation upon the kindred subjects of fasting and evening communion. The southern bishops, with the weighty exception of the Bishop of Worcester, say that the custom of Fasting Communion arose before the end of the first century, but did not become the recognised practice of the Church till the fourth. The bishops do not affirm that it is binding; they assert the principle of liberty; but they think the practice worthy of the greatest respect and consideration.

On the question of evening communion they say that "in the apostolic age the Holy Communion was administered in connection with the gathering together of Christians to share in an appointed evening meal." This is a large—a very large—admission. But they go on to say that "it is the bounden duty of everyone who publicly administers the Holy Communion to satisfy himself as to the reality of the need in the parish where he is appointed to serve." This may be taken as a compromise.

The Rev. Arthur Hamilton Baynes has been appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury to be Bishop in Natal. The Synod of the Church of England, in the province of South Africa and in the Colony of Natal had separately committed the nomination of their new Bishop to the Archbishop. Mr. Baynes was for nearly four years domestic chaplain to the Archbishop, for which office he resigned the vicarage of St. James, Nottingham, and has lately held that of Christ Church, Greenwich, to which he was appointed last year by the Rev. Brooke Lambert, Vicar of Greenwich. The Bishop of Natal will be immediately subject to the Metropolitan of Cape Town. Mr. Baynes was educated at Oriel College, Oxford, of which society he was an exhibitioner, taking his degree in the first class of the Final Classical School in 1879.

The death, on May 11, of the Rev. R. W. McAll, an English or Scottish Independent minister, who has lived in Paris during twenty years past, labouring as a preacher of Evangelical doctrine among the French people, claims a brief notice of his zealous, disinterested efforts, without fee or reward, in the task of a missionary, unconnected with any church, sect, or society. He has founded, with the aid of free subscriptions, an association which has now forty-three meeting-places with 7400 sittings in and round Paris, eighty-nine in the provinces, and six in Algeria and Tunis. The "Encouragement du Bien" Society, which comprises eminent Catholics, showed its sense of the admirable character of the mission by awarding him a medal.

The appearance of Archdeacon Farrar at a pronouncedly Protestant meeting is important. It seems to show that Broad Churchmen are about to join with Evangelicals in opposing Ritualism. Probably the objection to co-operation hitherto has been from the Evangelical side. But the modification of strict dogmatic orthodoxy on the part of a large section of the Evangelicals has made an approach of the two wings possible.

Mr. F. A. Bevan has been appointed to the Lord Almoner's Professorship of Arabic at Cambridge. The emoluments are very small, and the duties correspondingly light; but the fact that the chair has been held by such scholars as Palmer, Robertson Smith, Keith Falconer, and Bensley makes it a distinction to be elected. Mr. Bevan, who bears one of the best known Evangelical names, has published a scholarly commentary on Daniel, in which he fully accepts the most advanced principles of the new criticism.

The Rev. P. H. Wicksteed, the accomplished Warden of University Hall, has resigned his position. It is explained by Mrs. Ward that this is not due to any misunderstanding or want of sympathy. Mr. Wicksteed finds the full work too much for him, but will still co-operate. He is minister of the congregation in Portland Street, formerly in charge of the Rev. Dr. Martineau, who has just reached the age of eighty-eight, and who lectured on the newly discovered Epistle of Peter a few days ago.

The May meetings continue to be largely attended and enthusiastic. The Nonconformists appear to be well satisfied with their progress and prospects. The tone of these gatherings has naturally been somewhat militant.

Great interest is being taken in the social questions of India—the Contagious Diseases Acts, the opium traffic, and the drink traffic. Many Nonconformists are of opinion that their missionaries are not sufficiently enthusiastic in denouncing these customs.

THE SALON IN THE CHAMP DE MARS.

Following the same track on which they have already set out, the painters who form the chief influence at the New Salon, and give to it its unique character, are still more occupied with the artistic possibilities in the treatment of light and colour than with the expression of literary ideas. To the public these new forms of art are largely unintelligible, for they have not learned to look for those effects and qualities which really exist in nature, and which the larger number of painters are themselves only gradually beginning to appreciate. The average observer is used to think of any object as having shape which is only most naturally expressed by an outline thrown into relief by light and shade, and tinted with its inherent and actual colour; but he does not know, and is ready to resent, the suggestion that, to take an example, a haystack, when relieved against the sunset light of the sky, appears a tint of purple, or that the shadow by the sun on a heap of snow is of a most delicate blue. He knows that the snow is naturally white, and, being unobservant, cannot imagine how anyone can express it as being blue.

Again, the whole subject of the relation of tones or values does not exist for him. Though he can see that the head of a figure may appear in bulk far too large in proportion to the body, yet he does not see the relative proportion in the intensity of the light or darkness of the different objects in the picture. For instance, he would see nothing wrong in the foreground of a landscape painted far lighter in key than the sky; yet such an effect is very unusual in nature and is only due to some peculiar cause. As in line and form, so in tone every part should bear some comparison with the rest and be subordinate to the whole.

Accurate observation of these things is not in itself sufficient to make a good picture, but it is a part of the knowledge to be got that will help a painter to express his ideas, and it also opens up a new source of beauty in composition of endless scope. It is in France that this added faculty of seeing—for it is almost that—has chiefly developed, though Velasquez is the great example to whom the French have turned, and Whistler and some of the French landscape-painters have been its exponents in England.

The so-called "school" of Newlyn has this knowledge of the relation of values, but has developed nothing from it, and "impressionism" is the name which is often vaguely and inaccurately used to classify it.

It is in these directions that the most vital work is being done in the Champ de Mars, and it is on these lines that modern art shows most prospect of realising something great. There is, indeed, another phase of art more purely decorative, which is well exemplified in this exhibition in the work of Aman-Jean, Boutet de Monvel, and others; and there is, of course, a motley following of daubers who indulge in pictorial gymnastics and who carry the ideas of saner men to a ridiculous extreme. The difficult task of M. Roll in carrying out the State commission to paint an historical picture of the President of the Republic at the centenary fêtes at Versailles has, considering the circumstances, been well performed. It is "bourgeois" to a degree, but that, perhaps, is the fault of the subject. The large mass of the crowd in the foreground is painted with observation, and the composition is skilfully managed.

The decorative subject of M. Puvis de Chavannes is treated in a sort of monochrome of a not very agreeable colour. Some of the figures are fine in type and pose, and the grouping, as a whole, is harmonious.

That peculiar intensity of expression which originated with Bastien-Lepage and is so largely to be found in Dagnan-Bouveret's pictures this year gives an abnormal impression that is quite morbid and at the same time open to caricature. The peasants rigidly seated round the standing figure in his picture called "In the Fields" suggest the audience of the summing-up of a judge in a trial for murder rather than the pleased listeners to the notes of a violin. Of his four pictures, Dagnan-Bouveret is most successful with his portraits of a woman and a boy, although the peculiar colour on the faces and hands is not perfectly explained. In this place it is natural to speak of Muenier, who much resembles the last-mentioned painter. His pictures this year, with perhaps two exceptions, might be described as indiscriminating. They are most carefully observed and skilfully painted studies of nature without much effort at selection or choice. The "Twilight at Villafranca" is an effect of colour and tone of some charm. M. Friant has taken a step downwards in putting his faith in extreme finish alone to obtain notoriety for his pictures.

La Touche is, perhaps, one of the painters who promises most in this exhibition. It remains to be seen whether he will paint a masterpiece. His picture "L'Agonie," though a painful idea, is not undignified, and is treated with breadth and simplicity. The "Chagrin d'Amour," too, is well worth notice, and the "Communism Bretonne" is one of the most pleasing studies in delicate colour in the Salon. His technique also is free and spontaneous, and differs largely from the minute and apparently laborious method of Dagnan-Bouveret and his fellows.

There are two pictures by L. Simon which have much merit artistically. The "Musique de Chambre" is a fine arrangement, well balanced and broadly treated; the other, a church interior during Mass, has the same qualities of composition, but is less interesting as a whole.

Alexander Harrison seems to grasp no sentiment or suggestion of poetry in what he sees, and yet some of his subjects at least give some hint of such a treatment. He paints a moonrise over the sea, but gives nothing of the vague charm and mystery that such a scene might have. M. Rafaelli, whose work is individual and full of life, gives in a remarkable manner the suggestion of open-air effect in his sketches of the streets of Paris. There is a noticeable picture, by Edelfelt of the interior of a laundry. The treatment of the light and the arrangement and juxtaposition of the different masses of white drapery are most successful. Zorn has several studies which are clever but not important, and the limits of space prevent any detailed treatment of them. For a similar reason it is only possible to mention the names of Eliot, Courtois and Berton, Uhde and Prinnet, and among the landscape-painters Boudin, Billotte, Sisley, Thaulow, and Verstraete, as among the most interesting contributors.

THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.



BRITISH AFRICAN CONFERENCE-ROOM.



NORTHBROOK SOCIETY'S ROOM.



FELLOWS' BILLIARD-ROOM.



FELLOWS' LUNCHEON AND DINING ROOM.

The stately and commodious range of buildings for the Imperial Institute, opened by the Queen on Wednesday, May 10, was described in our last. Some additional interior views of the apartments are now presented. The grandest will be the superb Reception Hall, which is not yet commenced, and the site of which, at the opening ceremony, was occupied by a temporary wooden structure, decorated with British and colonial flags. The Library and the Institute Conference-Room, which will be on the ground-floor at the east and the west end, respectively, of the principal corridor, likewise remain to be constructed. Most of the other apartments are plain, but convenient for their purpose. Architectural display is bestowed more on the vestibule and staircases. The British American, the British Australasian, the British African, and the British Indian Conference-Rooms, on the principal corridor, are spacious, finely decorated, and handsomely furnished; the last-named has its walls and ceiling hung with rich Indian drapery and contains beautiful side-



SIR FREDERICK ABEL, BART., K.C.B., AND SIR J. R. SOMERS VINE, C.M.G., SECRETARIES AND DIRECTORS.

From Photographs by Messrs. Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

boards, tables, and wardrobes of carved teak.

Her Majesty has appointed Lord Herschell (the present Lord Chancellor), Chairman of the Governors of the Imperial Institute, to be a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath; has also conferred a baronetcy on Sir Frederick Abel, K.C.B., the Secretary and Director; and the Companionship of St. Michael and St. George on Sir J. R. Somers Vine, the Assistant Secretary and General Sub-Director, for their services during six years past in organising the Imperial Institute. Lord Herschell went to India in 1889; Sir Somers Vine, in that year and 1890, went to India, the Straits Settlements, all the Australasian Colonies, Canada, the West Indies, and West and South Africa, to explain the plans of the Imperial Institute, and to make arrangements with the Governments and the commercial associations of those British dependencies; while Sir Frederick Abel's management in London has been equally valuable, and he is one of our most eminent scientific men in the department of applied chemistry.



OPENING OF THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE: THE QUEEN DECLARING THE BUILDING OPEN.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THIRD NOTICE.

Resuming our survey of the exhibition, we come to Gallery V., where Mr. Stanhope Forbes's "Lighthouse" (330) occupies the chief place; but, notwithstanding its claims to attention—which are strongly forced upon the spectator—one cannot but feel that the subject was not worthy of the pains bestowed upon it. Mr. Ernest Parton's "Picardy Hillside" (316), and Mr. M. R. Corbet's "Evening" (336), among the Carrara mountains, show an indescribably more poetic and refined appreciation both of nature and art. Mr. Melton Fisher's "Music" (328), in a loggia overlooking a Venice canal, is one of the many pictures in the exhibition dealing with the effects of artificial light, and the other instance, Mr. Chevallier Tayler's "Summer Dinner Party" (519) is the most successful in depicting the struggle between daylight and candlelight; but Mr. Lorimer's somewhat obscurely named "Evening" (863), and Mr. Solomon J. Solomon's "Your Health" (892), addressed to Dr. Ernest Hart by his friends, among whom Mr. Forbes Robertson, Mr. Arthur Hacker, and others may be easily recognised, are also works of more than ordinary technical interest. Mr. Arthur Hacker's "Sleep of the Gods" (375) seems a very undramatic rendering of the cry "Great Pan is dead," which has inspired more than one poet and historian, and the gods rather seem asleep "on beds of asphodel and moly" than sunk to rest under the influence of the poppies' deadly wine. Mr. G. Harcourt's study of a girl listening through an open window to the nightingale (321) is a fine colour-study, and the reflection of the figure is truthfully and tastefully rendered. Close by is Mr. G. Foster's "Summer Pageant" (322), a blaze of white marguerites wrapt in soft rosy light, very strikingly painted. There are perhaps not half-a-dozen landscapes by Academicians or others which are more deserving of notice than those mentioned in this room.

In Gallery VI. the place of honour is duly assigned to the Hon. John Collier's "A Glass of Wine with Caesar Borgia" (426), a picture into which a great deal of dramatic expression and feeling are thrown without any suggestion of staginess. The figure of the old Pope bending over his plate, with the wickedest stoop in his shoulders, the half-eager, half-startled face of the young guest, and the impassive stare of Lucrezia, are effectively treated and so well balanced that no one actor in the scene eclipses the other. Whatever may have been Lady Dorothy Nevill's (422) offence towards Mr. Goodall, he was not justified in taking her portrait and in representing her under such a painful disguise. Mr. Blake Wirgman's portrait of Mr. Pomfret (436) and Mr. Jacob Hood's of Mr. Dauntsey (442) are somewhat better; but, as a rule, the portraits in this room are commonplace and uninteresting. On the other hand, Mr. Somersell's "Corvette Shortening Sail" (434) realises in a manner which Mr. Henry Moore's work never does the trough of the sea, the heaving of the waves, and that extraordinary bronze reflection which they catch when seen from a level. Mr. R. Noble's "Evening" (440), although rather too much composed on the lines of classic landscape, is full of luminous beauty, and is as remarkable, in its way, as any work of the year. Mrs. Marianne Stokes's original treatment of "Angels Entertaining the Holy Child" (447) cannot fail to attract notice by its strong colouring and uncompromising draughtsmanship. It is distinctly a work of mark, but it may not be to the taste of everybody. Mr. Brett's "Breakers among the Reefs" (417), Miss Noyes's "Hayraking" (437), and Mr. Joseph Farquharson's bold treatment of a "Market in Egypt" (462) are also quite above the general level of the works by which they are surrounded.

Gallery VII. contains, among other pictures, Mr. B. W. Leader's best picture, "By Mead and Stream" (499), in which he has laid aside much of the mannerism and coldness of outline which have distinguished his more recent productions. Mr. Oulless's portrait of Sir Charles Tennant (504) is scarcely so happy in its likeness as some of his other works, and misses a good deal of the shrewdness of his sitter's face. Mr. David Farquharson's "Morning on the Common" (528); Mr. Horace Livens's "Medicine Vendor" (522), painted after the manner of "Wright of Derby"; Mr. Fred Morgan's "Roses and Thorns" (526); and Mr. La Thangue's "Study by Lamplight" (543), though not so finished or so dexterous as Mr. Chevallier Tayler's "Summer Dinner Party" (519) or M. G. Nicolet's "Orphans of Amsterdam" (551), are all pictures which deserve attention.

Gallery VIII. opens with Mr. C. H. Macartney's fine flowing landscape of the Yorkshire dale country (554), unfortunately hung too high to be seen to advantage. Mr. MacWhirter's "Quis Separabit?" (557-9), in three panels, contains no work or idea which deserves the recognition accorded to the artist, the painting being as flimsy as the idea is commonplace. It serves, however, as

a fine foil to Mr. David Murray's "Hampshire" (589), painted in the spirit of Wilson and Claude, and as a *tour de force* almost as interesting as it is remarkable for its appreciation of the essence of landscape. Mr. Dendy Sadler's "Meeting of Creditors" (588) is a trifle more dramatic in its conception than is usual with him; but while admitting his very rare qualities as a draughtsman, it is impossible to feel that his humour is spontaneous, as in the case of Randolph Caldecott. Mrs. Dorothy Stanley's portrait of her husband (615) is a striking bit of painting, the lines of the traveller's expressive face standing out firmly against the colourless panel-background. Mr. G. Aumonier's "Lancing Mill" (666), Mr. Blake Wirgman's courageous excursion into the domain of historical painting, entitled "1793" (566), and representing one of the most terrible episodes of the La Vendée rising; and Mr. J. Haynes Williams's "Losing" (593), a scene in a gamester's life, are among the more noteworthy pictures in this room.

Gallery IX., which is, as usual, reserved for pictures of cabinet size, defies all attempts at adequate notice. Nearly two hundred works—many of them highly finished—are packed into the smallest room in the building, so closely, and with such little regard to suitability, that it is difficult to pick out even the gems. Mrs. Alma-Tadema's "Satisfaction" (663)—of the lady with herself or her surroundings—is in all respects a dainty piece of work, honestly painted, with scarcely a fault. The reflection in the mirror of Mr. Alma-Tadema looking in at the window is a little bit of true Dutch humour, altogether in keeping with the general scheme of the picture. Mr. Robert Macbeth's "On the Way to Market" (671), is a smaller rendering of one of his earlier and perhaps most popular works. Mr. Frank

PORTRAITS AT THE GRAFTON GALLERY.

The Society of Portrait Painters, by their change of quarters from the Institute to the Grafton Gallery, have been enabled to put their exhibition before the public at a more promising moment, and, instead of waiting till July has half emptied London of those who patronise picture exhibitions, the present display will go side by side with Burlington House and the New Gallery. So far, everything is favourable to the success of this cadet of the Art family. On the other hand, it is a serious question for the managers to discuss whether English portraitists, even when supplemented by the brethren *d'outré-manche*, are able to provide a sufficiently large supply of works worthy of being seen a second or a third time. Many of the pictures, we freely admit, are of real value and of great merit; but many more are mere "pot-boilers" of men of reputation or the laborious efforts of raw recruits.

Among our own fellow-countrymen Sir John Millais stands out in the front rank with his portraits of Mrs. Jopling and Mrs. Stibbard, both painted some years ago, when the artist was carefully elaborating his style and astonishing the world by the brilliancy of his touch. One must come down to Mr. Luke Fildes's portrait of Mrs. Thomas Agnew, painted a year or two ago, for anything in the least degree approaching Sir John Millais's work. Going back some years we find Mr. Phil Morris the painter of a graceful portrait of a lady, Mrs. Leyland, which marks a stage in the artist's career very far removed from that which he now occupies; and this may be said of other painters who have made portraits their special line. Of the moderns no one shows to better advantage than Mr. Ellis Roberts, whose portrait of Viscountess de Vesci, conceived in a thorough Gainsborough spirit, is worthy of the highest praise; while his rendering of Mrs. Lawrence Drummond and Mrs. Arthur Harter is only a trifle less successful. Mr. James Guthrie, Mr. J. H. Lorimer, and Mr. John Lavery are excellent exponents of the French inspired school of Glasgow, which is probably destined to have a sensible influence on English art.

Mr. Whistler occupies such a very peculiar position that he may be regarded as a connecting link between English and foreign art. There is a portrait of him here by the late Sir William Boxall, taken when the youthful Whistler could have only left St. Petersburg a few months, and before he took up his American nationality. He was then a pretty boy, with curly locks, but with a twinkle in his eye and mischief in his mouth. We find him again in M. Fantin's really fine work (but already well known in this country) known as "Homage à Delacroix," where Whistler, a young man in the prime of youth, occupies the central place in a group of artists and authors. In "An Interior" (183), Mr. Whistler gives us a *pochade* of himself in his studio at Chelsea with two ladies dressed in

Japanese costume; whilst of his higher powers there is an instance in his spirited portrait of Señor Sarasate, which, if not one of his most attractive, is among the most distinctive of his works.

The foreign artists are more than usually well represented, and one cannot but feel how the greater among them have attained a luminous tone which few among our own painters can approach. Conspicuous among such works are M. Louis Bonnat's M. Boeswillwald, M. Gervex's Alfred Stevens, and M. Portals's Paul Déroulède, taken years ago, before that gallant volunteer officer had become the leader and poet of the Patriotic League. For ladies' portraits, Carolus Duran stands in the front rank, and his rendering of Madame Pulitzer, in a peach-coloured velvet dress, shows where his pupil, Mr. Sargent, learnt his art; M. Jules Lefebvre's Madame Lepelletier, M. J. Boldini's Madame S., M. Fantin-Latour's Louise, and M. Roll's Madame Hading bear witness to the varied style and spirit with which French painters deal with their sitters.

The German artists, who in their own way have established a school of portraiture very distinct from the French, are meagrely represented by Professor Von Lenbach's portraits of Prince Bismarck and Mr. Gladstone, and by Mr. Herman Herkomer, whom we must continue to regard as a foreigner. It is a difficult question to answer, whether an exhibition like the present is rendered more attractive by the introduction of a number of unknown names of painters or sitters. Half the interest of an exhibition of portraits lies in their associations, and the majority of people go to see what the noted names of politics and society are on canvas, and care little for the way in which they are painted. It is due to the managers of this society to say that they have done their best to supply the requirements of the minority as well as of the majority; but the exhibition suffers rather from its extent than from its limitation.



OPENING OF THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE: THE QUEEN'S RECEPTION-ROOM.

Dillon's "Stonehenge" (747), Mr. Alfred Parsons's "Rocks at Tennenji" (668), the *primeur* of his Japanese journeyings; and Miss Maria Logsdail's studies in Lincoln city are among the best of the landscape works; whilst for genre and subject-pictures Mr. G. G. Kilburne's "Bashful Lover" (651), Mr. Douglas Almond's "Call on his Patron" (619), Mr. H. G. Glindoni's "Reckoning without his Host" (702), and Mr. John A. Lomax's "Last Turn of the Dice" (617) are among the most humorous and effective.

Much interest will be excited among artists by the promised production at Drury Lane Theatre, if realised, of Mr. Villiers Stanford's opera of "Lalla Rookh." It is now twelve or thirteen years since it was first performed at the Opera House at Hanover. On that occasion, the manager found himself in some difficulty about the costumes requisite for a story which lay outside the ordinary resources of a theatrical wardrobe. Recourse was consequently had to an illustrated edition of Moore's poems then in existence, and by a lucky chance one was found on which Mr. John Tenniel, then a young man, had been employed. Having at that time his reputation to make—it is now more than thirty years ago—Mr. Tenniel made a careful study of all the authorities then within his reach, and subsequently produced a set of illustrations which satisfied the publishers and the public. The costumes were adapted without modification by the director of the Hanover Opera, where the critical Germans at once admitted the correctness with which the characters had been dressed, and a somewhat lively discussion sprang up as to the source of the director's knowledge. These costumes will be again introduced when the play is performed in this country, and if they meet with approbation it is to be hoped that no one will suppose that, like many other imported articles, they were manufactured or invented in Germany.

THE GREAT AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT CHICAGO



Photo by Moreno, New York.

DUKE OF VERAGUA, LINEAL DESCENDANT OF COLUMBUS.



LAGOON, WITH HORTICULTURAL BUILDING, ILLINOIS STATE BUILDING, AND ART PALACE.

The "World's Fair" on the shore of Lake Michigan! The greatest or biggest of Universal International Exhibitions, possibly the last—probably the last in the nineteenth century, which can scarcely, at any rate, find time to get up its equal anywhere—held in a place that was, in the early years of this century, a dismal swamp, infested by

greater, than that of any country in Europe. Why this immense display of the world's industrial and artistic works at Chicago should be styled "Columbian," or should be particularly associated with the landing of the Spanish Duke of Veragua's famous ancestor, in 1492, on an islet of the Bahamas, we do not understand; for

Exhibition to be styled a "Columbian World's Fair," it is not for us to quarrel with the chosen designation.

A brief account of the origin, the plan and organisation, the financial means, and the chief agents of this vast undertaking, with some description also of the grounds and buildings, in Jackson Park and on adjacent

Fisheries.

U. S. Government.

Manufactures.

Electricity. Administration. Mines and Mining.



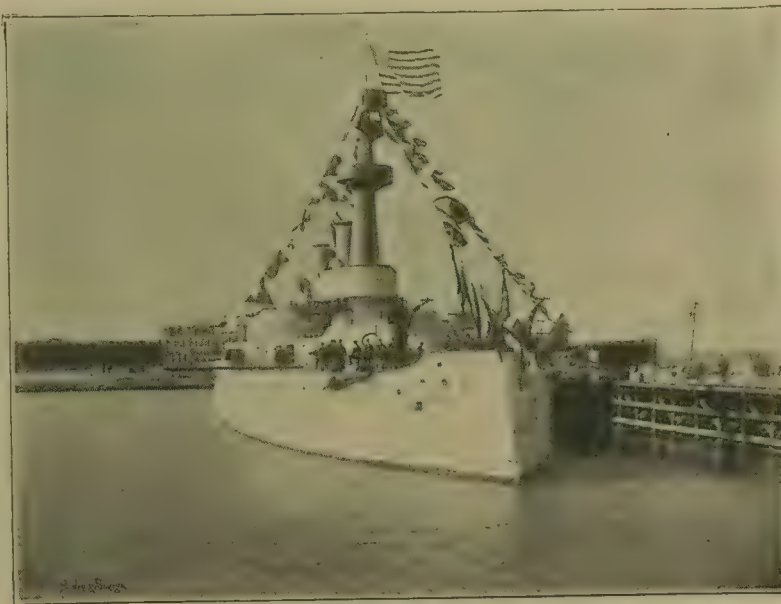
VIEW FROM THE TOP OF THE HORTICULTURAL BUILDING.

marauding Indians, where no white man dared to live! Now there is a city of 1,200,000 people, by the census of 1890, only the fourth part being of American birth, the others being Germans, British and Irish, and Europeans of different nationalities, drawn together by the commercial prosperity of a community second to none but New York on the Western Continent. Chicago, the centre of railways with an aggregate length of 66,000 miles extending over one-third part of the United States, and a port of navigation, by the great lakes and to the ocean, with traffic nearly as large as that of the greatest Atlantic maritime port, is surely not out of the world. So it is Chicago that holds "the World's Fair," as the Americans prefer to call these International or Cosmopolitan Exhibitions, of which they reckon, from 1851, two in London, four in Paris, one at Vienna, one at Philadelphia; a comparatively small one, in 1853, at New York, and lesser affairs, of course, at Sydney and Melbourne.

Well, the Paris Exhibition of 1889 was the finest and most attractive; not only because the French are so clever a nation, but arts and manufactures, and public and private riches, had made huge progress since the London Exhibitions of 1851 and 1862. The Americans, too, are a clever nation; and their wealth has increased without interruption during the past quarter of a century. It is probably now greater, as their home population is much

Columbus never discovered North America, and never knew of its existence to the day of his death. But we have heard of a song, "Hail, Columbia!" which does not refer, as might be supposed, to the South American Republic of that name; and if citizens of the United States, who usually call themselves "Americans," like the Chicago

land, five or six miles south of the city, was given in our Journal when President Grover Cleveland opened the Exhibition. With reference to our present Illustrations, the most important is that of a comprehensive view from the top of the Horticultural Building, over the artificial lagoon formed in connection with Lake Michigan, to the grand buildings opposite; which are, in the centre, that devoted to Manufactures and Liberal Arts, a building 1688 ft. long and 788 ft. wide, covering thirty-one acres; to the right hand the Electricity Building, with its twin towers, the Hall of Mines and Mining, and the great dome of the Administration Building, larger than the dome of St. Paul's, but 90 ft. lower; and, to the left hand, the United States Government Building, which has a dome and lantern 235 ft. high; and the Fisheries Building, with its surrounding annexes. Another Illustration that needs to be explained is that of the full-sized model battle-ship of the United States Navy, the hull constructed of brick and cement concrete upon a submerged platform in the lake. It is named the Illinois, and is an exact imitation of the 10,000-ton ships Indiana, Massachusetts, and Oregon, armed with four thirteen-inch guns in armour-plated redoubts, eight upper-deck guns, and some thirty smaller quick-firing guns, with torpedoes, all worked by a crew of one hundred seamen, ten officers, and fifty marines. It is close to the British Commissioners' Offices Building.



MODEL OF UNITED STATES BATTLE-SHIP.



"THE 11TH REGIMENT OF THE LINE AT EYLAU."—LIONEL ROYER.



"A MOMENT OF REPOSE."—V. CHEVILLIARD.

PICTURES FROM THE PARIS SALON.



THE DRAWING-ROOM: PHOTOGRAPHING A DÉBUTANTE.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Dr. B. W. Richardson, in the current number of *The Asclepiad*, has a most interesting note on what he calls "the phenomena of unconscious existence." A patient, a clergyman by profession, consulted him regarding a peculiar mental state, which he described as the feeling, when preaching, that he had never left the pulpit since the previous Sunday. All consciousness of the busy week which had intervened had been (temporarily, of course) lost. This man was in perfect health. He ate well, slept well, had no worries or anxieties, was a total abstainer, but was a man, at the same time, who might be fairly described as parochially overworked. His anxiety was summed up in the question, Is this feeling of unconsciousness of the lapse of time, this temporary hiatus in one's life, so to speak, a sign or warning of any brain danger or trouble? Dr. Richardson replied that it was "an undoubted warning that certain parts or centres of the mental organism were being overworked," and recommended change of scene and labour, with the best of results.

I should say the clergyman's parochial duties had been too heavy for him, and that, despite his apparent physical health, he was suffering from brain-fag. But the sensation he described is not a novel one to most persons engaged in an active life involving both physical and mental labour. What takes place in such cases, I apprehend, partakes of the nature of the dreaming faculty. There, in dreamland, time and space are for us annihilated, and we find ourselves taking part in events and scenes past and future, without questioning the absurdity of our position. Hypnotism itself starts from this same common territory of inhibition or arrest of the intellectual centres, and fatigue of body or mind is the most prevalent condition in inducing the arrest in question. I am not sure but that to many wearied souls such a period of unconsciousness would prove a blessing in disguise. To "raze out the written troubles of the brain" by a period of forgetfulness, and make the mind-agonies many of us have to endure fade away as if they had never been, might forsooth be the saving of many a poor soul among us. The practical difficulty would consist in the want of power to make the forgetfulness permanent, while it might not be altogether a good thing for us, on the whole, could our troubles be so readily razed out of our mental tablets.

Speaking of this unconscious existence reminds me of another curious point in mental physiology, relating to the brain's power of registering its impressions and memories. It is a familiar fact that when a person receives a severe blow on the head, inducing brain-concussion and temporary insensibility, he entertains no recollection, on awakening out of this state, of the events which transpired during a certain period just before his accident. My friend Dr. Joseph Bell, of Edinburgh, once put on record a series of cases of head-injury, in which this phase of brain-action was clearly demonstrated. A man, for instance, fell down the shaft of a disused coal-pit, and sustained brain-concussion. On recovering, he had no recollection of the accident or the events just preceding it, although his mind was quite clear as to antecedent occurrences. What appears to be demonstrated here, as explained by some authorities, is the fact that a certain interval must elapse before our impressions are "fixed" in the brain, and capable of being afterwards printed off as memories; the effect of the concussion being to dislodge the impressions, as it were, or to interfere with their natural and complete registration. This is a practical "razing" of the mind, if we so regard it; and it is possible to draw an analogy between the accidental injury, and what happens without any violent shock to the over-wearied brain in inducing the "unconscious existence."

The earth's age, like that of the proverbial spinster, must, I suppose, be deemed uncertain; or, at least (as in the case of the census paper), we must allow a fair margin for probabilities. The geologists, on the one hand, are supposed to make very big drafts indeed on the bank over which Father Time presides; while the physicists, on the other hand, insist on more moderate demands being formulated. The latest explorer in this field of inquiry is Mr. Clarence King, a well-known American geologist, who seems to lean to the side of the physicists in this matter. Of course, everybody starts with the earth as a gaseous mass, and everybody gets to the earth as a cooling globe, which is certain, in time, to become a burnt-out cinder like the moon. From researches on the effects of heat and pressure as applied to a cooling orb, Mr. King concludes that Lord Kelvin's estimate of the earth's age is very near the mark. According to Mr. King, the age of our world is to be set down as not exceeding some twenty-four millions of years, which, I venture to say, is so entirely unthinkable a number that nobody may feel intellectually perturbed if a few millions more be added, or a few millions be subtracted from the amount.

The correspondence I receive from time to time in connection with this column brings me communications from people residing in all parts of the world. I regret that it is out of my power to reply to all the letters I receive, but I feel it to be my duty again to express the pleasure I experience in the thought that our "Science Jottings" call forth from our readers so many experiences and details, many of which have been of singular service in the way of supplying information regarding disputed points in science. Occasionally, however, my letter-box contains requests of a humorous character, emanating from those who seem to consider that I preside over a bureau of universal information. Lately, a little boy wrote as follows: "Dear Sir,—Do you know a beast which has its tongue fixed in the front of its mouth? I am competing for a prize, and this is one of the questions." I don't know whether I assisted that little boy wrongfully to aspire towards his prize, but I did forward him the information that his "beast" was the frog. Another enthusiast says he is shortly going to the seaside for his holidays, and wants me to tell him where he can go with the likelihood that he may see the sea-serpent. Needless to say, I have not replied to this gentleman's communication. A third letter expresses a wish for complete instructions in the art of using the microscope, and asks whether a complete and powerful instrument can be bought for seven-and-six! But these are the incidents that lighten existence, and prove at least that a love for scientific research is spreading through the nation.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

B P G DIGGLEDEN (Holland).—It would be impossible for us to explain in this column the English notation, but its method is to call the square on which each piece stands the first square of that piece, and then count in numerical succession across the board. Thus your E 1 is our White K 1 or Black K 8, according as you count from the White or Black side.

B R (Horsham).—Thanks for your letter. We will do all we can, but our means are scarcely equal to our desire.

W E B.—We regret the limits of our space prevent us giving your communication in full.

MAXWELL JACKSON (Hull).—Much obliged.

P H WILLIAMS.—Your problem was very favourably reviewed by the majority of our solvers.

F A HOLLWAY (Grand Rapids, Mich., U.S.A.).—Delayed, but not forgotten. We will keep to our promise.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2551 to 2553 received from O H B (Barkly East); of Nos. 2555 and 2556 from R Syer (San José); of No. 2557 from J W Shaw (Montreal) and F A Hollway (Grand Rapids, Mich.); of No. 2558 from J Ross (Whitley); of No. 2559 from John G Grant, Z Ingold (Frampton), and C M A B; of No. 2560 from Ashwell, E Percy Kaye (York), Clapham, A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), J D Tucker (Leeds), Edwin Barnish (Rochdale), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), Howich, A S Horrex (Peterborough), Rev C G Wilkinson (Waresley), and E W Brook.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2561 received from R H Brooks, W P Hind, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), M Burke, E Emmerton, Dr F St, M A Eyre (Folkestone), Charles Burnett, Alpha, Z Ingold, J F Moon, W Wright, W R Hatfield, Fr Fernando (Glasgow), T Roberts, H S Brandreth, W R B (Plymouth), F J Candy, F J Knight, J Hall, E W Brook, J D Tucker, R Worters (Canterbury), H B Hurford, Julia Short (Exeter), A Newman, Bluet, E H Vine (Exeter), G Joicey, Dawn, A E M C, A S Horrex, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), Shadforth, T G (Ware), Martin F, Joseph Willcock (Chester), E E H, C E Perugini, A W Hamilton-Gell, W F Payne, J Dixon, and T J Bathurst.

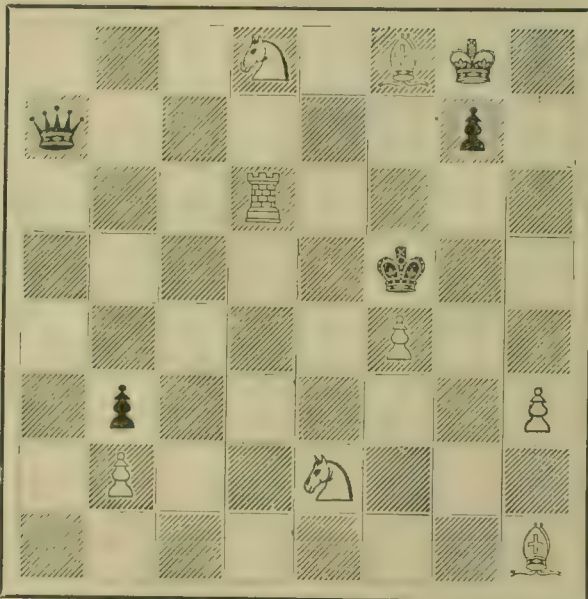
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2560.—By P. H. WILLIAMS.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to B 8th. Any move.
2. Mates.

PROBLEM No. 2503.

By E. B. SCHWANN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LIVERPOOL.

The following consultation game was played between Messrs. CAIRNS, KAISER, and others, representing the Liverpool Chess Club, against Mr. TINSLEY and other players.

(Queen's Pawn Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (L. C.)	WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (L. C.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	Kt, Q takes B, and the Q would be lost if Q takes R P.	
2. P to K 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	25. Q to R 3rd	R to B 2nd
3. P to Q B 4th	P to Q Kt 3rd	26. P to Q 5th	B to B sq
Inferior to the usual move of P to K 3rd. Now White commences to form a Pawn centre which is never disturbed.		27. Q to Kt 3rd	B to Q B 4th
4. P takes P	Kt takes P	28. B takes B	R takes B
5. P to K 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	29. P to K 5th	Q to Kt 3rd
6. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to K 3rd	30. K to R sq	Kt to Kt 3rd
7. B to K 3rd	B to Kt 2nd	31. Kt to K 4th	R to B 2nd
8. B to Q 3rd	Q Kt to Q 2nd	32. Kt to Q 6th	R to B sq
9. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q B 4th	33. Kt takes B	R (at B 2nd) takes Kt
Good. It should, however, have been followed up by P takes P.		34. B to B 5th	R (at Q B sq) to Q sq
10. Castles	R to Q B sq	35. P to K 6th	P takes P
11. Q to K 2nd	P to B 5th	36. R takes P	Q to B 4th
12. B to B 2nd		37. R takes Kt	R takes B
If B takes P, Black replies, Kt takes K P.		If P takes R, 38. B to K 6th (ch), R to B 2nd (forced or mate if K to R sq); 39. R to K B sq, R to B sq; 40. Q takes P, Q to R 2nd; 41. R to B 3rd, and wins.	
13. Kt to Q 2nd	B to Kt 5th	38. R takes P (ch)	K to R sq
14. P to B 4th	R to K sq	39. R takes R P (ch)	K takes R
15. Q R to Q sq	P to Q R 3rd	40. Q to R 4th (ch)	K to Kt 3rd
16. Q to B 3rd	Kt to B sq	41. Q takes R	Q to B 7th
A capital move, which greatly strengthens the defence.		42. Q to Kt 8th (ch)	K to R 4th
17. B to B 2nd	R to K 2nd	43. Q to R 7th (ch)	
18. K R to K sq	R to Q 2nd	Avoiding a clever trap. White gains nothing here by P to Kt 4th (ch), as King moves, and P takes R is answered by Q to B 4th (ch). This was the last hope of the Black allies.	
19. Kt to B sq	P to Q Kt 4th	43. K to Kt 4th	K to R 4th
20. Kt to Kt 3rd	Q to B 2nd	44. P to K R 3rd	R to B 5th
21. P to B 5th	R to K sq	45. Q to K 5th (ch)	K to R 5th
22. Kt to R 5th	Kt takes Kt	46. Q to K 5th (ch)	K to R 5th
23. Q takes Kt	P takes P	47. P to Q 6th	Resigns
24. Q takes P	Q to R 4th		

By first playing B takes Kt, Black might here have gained the R P. If now B takes the members of the West London Club have presented their hon. secretary, Mr. Robert Blunt, with a portrait in oils as a mark of the esteem in which they hold him. Mr. Blunt was for many years well known in the old-fashioned chess resorts, and retains in his seventy-fifth year an unimpaired interest in the game.

The West Sussex Times and Standard announces two problem competitions in its chess column: one for three movers, open to all comers; the other for two movers, restricted to residents in the county. The entries close on July 15, and all communications must be addressed to the Chess Editor, Hordsham.

Mr. Lasker has defeated Mr. Showalter in that thoroughgoing fashion which marks his match play. The loser showed fine chess, nevertheless, and ought to have scored more than he did. The final result was: Lasker, 6; Showalter, 2; drawn, 2.

Hampstead have won the metropolitan competition, section 2, for 1893, defeating the Lee club by 5½ games to 4½.

The British Chess Company of Stroud, Gloucestershire, with their usual enterprise, have introduced a new pocket chess-board intended for the service of problem composers, railway travellers, and others whose use of it is likely to be of an intermittent nature. It goes without saying that the workmanship is fully up to this firm's standard of excellence.

Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., retires from the Directorship of the South Kensington Museum. It is decided to separate the Science from the Art Museum. Major-General Festing, R.E., F.R.S., hitherto Assistant Director, is appointed Director of the former branch, and Professor J. H. Middleton, of Cambridge, Director of the Art Museum.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Good making-is, perhaps, more to the purpose with thin fabrics than with the richer ones, that can, to some extent, carry off defects by their own splendour. Mixtures of silk, velvet, and elaborate trimmings, indeed, make the cheap materials into smart gowns. A curious illustration of how a simple material can be made into a gown of the most elegant (and, it must be owned also, of the most costly) kind was one shown to me at Messrs. Jay's house at Regent Circus. It was of plain brown holland; the skirt was cut fairly full—some five yards—and trimmed round with three bands of black moiré antique, set at graduated intervals. There was a long-skirted coat, cut so as to set out very full round the bottom, and at the throat there were huge revers, and at the waist a moderate belt, both of moiré, and a little jabot of black guipure finished the throat. Well, you say, this sounds very modest in cost and design. But hold! The entire gown, bodice and skirt alike, was completely lined throughout with black moiré. Needless to say that this lining gave a "hang" and a *chic* that were at once perceptible; but as to the cost, why, of course, it was that of a splendid silk gown. Black chiffon and net, on the other hand, appear on many of Messrs. Jay's visiting dresses as trimmings. Such thin fabrics are now considered fully suitable for open-air wear.

Here is a specimen at Jay's of the daring that a first-class artist in costume alone may successfully attempt. The skirt was of petunia face cloth. It had a deep flounce of the same, and was trimmed round with three bands of black satin above and as a heading to the flounce; thus bringing the trimming nearly to the waist, where a narrow belt of black satin harmonised the bodice with the skirt. The bodice was an elaborate mixture of violet velvet, black accordion-pleated net, white lace bands, and ribbon. The full puffed tops of the sleeves, overhanging at the elbow, were of the black pleated net, overlaid by bands of white lace placed over black ribbon straps; and net pleating and violet velvet combined to make the rest of the bodice. Another gown reversed the arrangement of these colours. The bodice was mainly of bright violet velvet, and the skirt black grenadine over black silk; the grenadine was put on in a deep flounce with a narrow heading of velvet, and the tops of the sleeves were full puffs of chiffon, adorned with straps of black velvet. An elaborate gown was of grey face cloth, the skirt very wide, and trimmed with three narrow frills of itself, each headed with black satin. The bodice of the grey cloth had a frill to match round the short-waisted basque, and above that came a band of white satin embroidered with jet, passing under a little zouave-shaped pleating of grey chiffon; paste buttons completed this smart garment. Of course, most of Messrs. Jay's dresses are of a simpler style, but these are original and elegant styles for ladies who need them.

Tea-gowns and those natty little constructions called tea-jackets, but really used chiefly as home dinner-bodices and theatre-dress, are in full favour, and the latter can be made so smartly as to turn a plain skirt into a full toilette for a simple occasion at once. Diaphanous fabrics arranged over thicker ones are the way of making these little adjuncts smart, and so producing demi-toilette at once, while relieving the wearer from the need for changing the underclothing, and, perhaps, so taking cold, or troubling about all those details of arrangement that a low bodice needs. There are some excellent specimens of these smart garments at Messrs. Jay's, with whom, indeed, they are rather a specialty, the colours, black, white, and all shades of violet, which are their recognised and typical productions, being precisely what are most in favour for tea-gowns and jackets.

A long and charming tea-gown is in a pale heliotrope brocade, with a loose front of white pleated crêpe de chine. This soft and delicate fabric is drawn round at the sides under the bust so as to form a sort of Josephine belt or fichu, which is edged with a little old lace; there are heliotrope ribbon bows and straps up the entire front, and a narrow belt of brocade holds it in to the figure slightly; the entire outline is of the Empire character. At the back is one of the most *chic* details in the form of a hood of cream crêpe edged with lace, and the huge brocade sleeves are finished with a frill of the crêpe. Another gown is in grey brocade and heliotrope shot velvet. The long train of grey is edged with a double quilling of grey and violet. The bodice is made to fit the figure at the back, and is cut away in front to form a zouave with long points drooping almost to the feet, between which appears a drapery of coffee-coloured lace, draped from the bust Empire fashion, under a yoke and collar of shaded violet velvet. A tea-jacket in palest heliotrope accordion-pleated chiffon is draped under a velvet zouave, all embroidered with iridescent beads; the sleeves are in a series of very full chiffon puffs. Another, in dove-grey ombre satin, has a sleeve set in very low on a yoke of mousselin-de-soie dotted over with a number of tiny marguerites in velvet, looking exactly like the real flower; lace formed the draperies under this yoke. Another was of petunia-coloured velvet, white lace, and heliotrope satin; the lace fell over the figure loosely from the velvet collar, and was gathered in under a belt of velvet shaped like an inverted V, which was edged round with sequins, while the satin formed huge sleeves gathered into a velvet cuff with lace frills to complete.

A most effective tea-gown is in a fine white silk muslin, the full length to reach from the neck to train, a narrow baby ribbon in black running round the foot in three close rows. This is made in accordion pleats that fall closely enough to the figure without any belt or confining tie, and the sleeves of white moiré—huge sleeves—are the only relief to the absolute simplicity of the mousselin-de-soie; of course it is made up over white silk. Another very effective gown is all white moiré, with the sleeves draped over with fine lace. The electric light recently put in at the Regent Circus house allows these delicate gowns to be seen to perfection.

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ART NOTES.

No figure-painter is more thoroughly identified with Scott's poems and novels than Sir James Linton, and no landscape-painter is better acquainted with the Border country than Mr. James Orrock. It was, therefore, a happy idea on the part of the directors of the Fine Art Society to arrange for an exhibition illustrating "Rokeby" and "Marmion" by the help of these two artists. Constance Beverley, Lady Clare, and Matilda, among the women; Marmion, Bertram, and Wilfrid, among the men, are familiar to all with whom the memory of Scott's poetry still lingers. These are a fast-vanishing generation, unless modern schoolmasters and mistresses will insist upon their revival; but to all who have reached middle life, Scott, even as a poet, is something more than a mere name or tradition. Sir James Linton's careful, but often over-stippled, work needs no fresh notice. For better or worse, he has brought water-colour painting to a point beyond which in the matter of solidity and rich colouring it can no further go. Mr. Orrock knows the country from Smailholm Tower and Holy Island up to Liberton, on the outskirts of Edinburgh, too well to have missed its leading features. As a painter, he may be reproached, perhaps, with adapting his methods to those of other and greater students of breezy nature, but it cannot be denied that he has a true sense of the picturesque and a sufficient respect for local exactness to make him a trusty guide in Scotch Borderland.

Mr. F. G. Cotman, who bears (and with reason) a name known and honoured in the history of English art, is also exhibiting at the Fine Art Society, in conjunction with Mr. Percy Macquoid, a collection of "wayside" sketches which may help in the choice of a summer retreat. Mr. Cotman has evidently found Yorkshire dales and coast scenery eminently paintable, and in making Richmond and Whitby the centres of his work he has lighted upon two of the most picturesque towns in Northern England. The sky and the sea are not always blue; but this only furnishes the artist with varied themes of sky and cloud. Mr. Macquoid is more especially a figure-painter well known to those who have followed his clever work in many illustrated periodicals. His training has been careful, and he allows himself none of those strange vagaries under which less competent draughtsmen and colourists attempt to dissimulate their shortcomings.

Mr. Arthur Croft, whose collection of water-colour pictures is now on view at Messrs. Dowdeswell's (160, New Bond Street), must have spent a happy life wandering at his own pleasure from one beautiful country to another. France, Italy, Switzerland, and the Nile by turn attracted him, but he was not altogether unmindful of the beauties of his own country. He has transcribed, sometimes accurately and sometimes poetically, the numerous scenes among which he has evidently lived. His chief quality lies in his rendering of atmospheric effect, and at times of rushing water. But after Niagara and the St. Gothard, the Riviera and the Nile, we come back with a sense of

thorough enjoyment to the richer and more varied beauties of Kynance Cove or Dolwyddelan Valley—spots in which Mr. Arthur Croft has lingered with obvious affection.

The over-widening scope of woman's life has brought with it needs which should be met. Many ladies, as our exhibitions show, have natural art tendencies, which have often been suffered to degenerate into mere amateurishness for want of a proper means of training. Art schools, at the best, are somewhat Bohemian, and from the life, there held in esteem, many a capable young girl would shrink. The Wimbledon Art College has for some time been attempting to fill the recognised want of a home where practical art training may be found. The idea has been warmly supported by several Royal Academicians. In the Sculpture Room at Burlington House will be found works of two of the present pupils, and last year two others were exhibitors of paintings. Stained glass is another of the profitable lines of work at the Wimbledon Art College; and the three windows in Great Bookham Church erected to the memory of the Hon. Guy Dawnay, two windows for Glenarm Church placed by the Countess of Antrim, and the windows of Jevington Church, near Eastbourne, in memory of the late Duke of Devonshire, were designed and painted by the students. Heraldic as well as ecclesiastical embroidery also come within the course of training at Wimbledon. It is, however, as a residential school where the teaching is of a high order, and the students learn to feel its worth and their own, that the Wimbledon Art College for Ladies deserves recognition.

English workers in black and white must look to meeting with severe competition from the various "processes" by means of which pictures are now so well reproduced. Moreover, there is considerable danger of our own process-printers being distanced by foreigners, who work under more advantageous conditions of atmosphere. The Berlin Photographic Company (133, New Bond Street) is one of the most dangerous competitors not only of engravers and printers, but also of etchers. They have recently produced four important works, appealing to various tastes. Of Mr. B. W. Leader's "Valley of the Llugwy," which forms part of the Tate Collection, our feeling is that, however much the original was free from the artist's peculiar harshness of outline, the beauties of the Welsh mountain stream are even greater when seen through the medium of photogravure. Mr. S. E. Waller's "Ruined Sanctuary," exhibited last year at Burlington House, was favourably received, as displaying more than usual pathos and careful composition. The story is a familiar one: a "Love's letter-box" in the niche of a secluded and ruined chapel—the suddenly stricken girl who had come full of life and hope—and the "dappled deer" looking on in wonder and sympathy. Mr. Thomas Blinks is becoming one of our principal painters of horses and dogs, and he has acquired a wonderful facility in imparting the sense of movement to his figures. "A Fair Lead" and "Going Well," both showing horses in the act of jumping, are no exceptions to his general work, and will doubtless become popular in country houses where field sports, especially hunting, are held in honour.

AN OLD-FASHIONED NOVEL.

Her Soul. By J. Fitzgerald Molloy (Hutchinson and Co.)—Mr. Molloy is a novelist who stands on the ancient ways; or rather, he seems to have written this story to show with what perfect gravity he can mix the oldest ingredients of fiction. The widowed baronet who weds the fascinating governess; the wicked captain who steals diamonds, tries to commit bigamy, and does not stick even at murder; his wife who has lost her wits; the young nobleman whose mysterious affinity with the ex-governess gives the worthy baronet much uneasiness; the intriguing widow who proposes to end her adventures by marrying the curate—all these personages are tolerably familiar to us. Of course, the governess is perfectly guiltless of any improper past, and her relations with the young nobleman are explained by an expedient which, although it is the oldest friend of all, came upon me with a shock of surprise. Nothing would induce me to reveal the secret, and so rob other readers of a similar experience. I have a suspicion that Lady Fothergill might have saved herself a lot of trouble by telling everything to the baronet, and there is no apparent reason why that excellent creature should have been kept in the dark about a perfectly simple matter, except that it is evidently his destiny to be always deceived by appearances. He does not even notice the remarkable complexion of his cousin, the wicked captain, who is always turning livid at embarrassing moments. However, all ends happily for persecuted virtue; the handcuffs are clapped on the captain; and the curate is saved in the nick of time from the designing widow by the timely appearance of a German baron who is one of her former captives. To all this well-worn material Mr. Molloy contrives to give a freshness which makes the novel distinctly readable.

L. F. A.

The *British Medical Journal* reports that in a paper on "Artificial and Natural Mineral Waters," read by Professor Oscar Liebreich at the Balneological Congress recently held in Berlin, he began by asking: Is chemistry sufficiently advanced yet to produce artificial mineral water equal in all respects to the natural water? The answer is negative. The artificial production of mineral waters is a much more difficult matter even than the production of such substances as alizarine, indigo, &c., and the analyses, even of the most renowned analysts, fall short of the full contents of the water. In the natural mineral water, on evaporation, there is always a residuum which is not contained in the analyses of the artificial mineral waters. The carbonic acid gas which furnishes the effervescence of natural mineral waters exists also in the form of "carbonic acid hydrate." This has been inferred from the existence of another combination derivative from it—namely, carbonic acid ethyl, which is probably contained in champagne and in other alcoholic effervescing drinks, and is known for its agreeable taste. It may be supposed that the action of an hydric carbonic acid gas is different from that of carbonic acid hydrate. "Even the best manufactured mineral waters," Professor Liebreich points out, "differ from the natural ones in taste and value; this difference it is not so easy to explain."

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MUSIC.

The summer opera season at Covent Garden—also known as the grand or regular season—opened auspiciously on Monday, May 15, with an excellent performance of “Lohengrin.” When Signor Bevnani came forward amid a cordial round of applause to conduct the National Anthem, the stalls and boxes were ominously empty, and a few minutes later Wagner’s exquisite prelude was serving its usual purpose of “in-voluntary” for the aristocratic clientele that furnishes the backbone of Sir Augustus Harris’s subscription. After the curtain had risen upon the familiar scene on the banks of the river Scheldt, the house gradually filled up, and towards the middle of the first act the royal party from Marlborough House arrived the Prince of Wales now paying his first visit to Covent Garden since the summer of 1891. The interruption caused by the late arrivals was not permitted, however, to have a disturbing influence upon those on the stage, and neither the entrance of Madame Melba nor the debut of Signor Vignas in Lohengrin’s tiny swan-drawn cockle-shell was marked by any sort of demonstration on the part of the audience. For so much we were thankful, the more so because Signor Mancinelli happened to be imparting an unwonted measure of delicacy and refinement to the marvellous instrumentation, and thereby making it pleasantly manifest that his extra week’s rehearsals had enabled him to get the new Covent Garden band into first-rate trim. Indeed, so far as the orchestra and chorus were concerned, it struck us that the performance throughout was above rather than below the level of recent seasons. Madame Melba invested Elsa’s music with the unfailing charm of her sweet, silvery voice, and played the part with intelligence if not with actual intensity of poetic sentiment. Signor Vignas is not an ideal Lohengrin in the same sense that he is the ideal Turiddu. As Mascagni’s hero he not only looks the character but makes one feel by every nuance of tone, movement, and gesture that he is it in very flesh and blood. As the Knight of the Grail he never for a moment loses his own identity, though he sings the music effectively and throws a certain measure of dramatic spirit into his embodiment. Miss Meisslinger made a picturesque and powerful Ortruda, and MM. Dufriehe, Castelmarty, and De Vasehetti filled their usual parts with due efficiency.

On the second night of the season, Madame Calvé made her *reentrée* in “Cavalleria Rusticana” before another brilliant assemblage, the same “royalties” being present. There is no need to describe afresh the French artist’s wonderfully finished and interesting portrayal of Santuzza. Enough that it again commanded the deepest admiration in virtue of qualities alike vocally and histrionically great. We know nothing more touching in the whole range of the lyric drama, nor is there an artist now before the public more justly entitled to homage and renown. Signor Vignas threw abundant spirit into his scenes with Madame Calvé, and if his drinking song made less effect that when he sang it here before, it was because his voice told better in a smaller theatre than in the ample auditorium of Covent Garden.

The remaining characters were in oft-tried hands, and Signor Mancinelli secured a faultless rendering of his compatriot’s highly coloured orchestration. In Gluck’s “Orfeo,” which preceded Mascagni’s opera, Mdle. Giulia Ravogli repeated her ever-welcome embodiment of the titular personage, being ably seconded, as heretofore, by her sister as Euridice, and Mdle. Bauermeister as L’Amore. Here, too, the general performance of the opera, thanks to Signor Bevnani’s watchful zeal, left nothing to be desired.

From out of the crowd of recitals that is just now overwhelming the London musical world we select for solitary

mention that given at Princes’ Hall on May 10 by Raoul Koczalski, the Polish wonder-child. Recollection of what Josef Hofmann and Otto Hegner were like when they first came out here is sufficiently fresh for exact comparisons to be possible, and the general opinion is that the new



KOCZALSKI, THE YOUNG PIANIST.
Eight years of age.

prodigy at the age of eight is quite equal, if not in some respects superior, to his above-named predecessors at the age of ten. It follows, therefore, that he is an infinitely greater marvel than either of them. Koczalski’s technique seems to be the result of a natural growth rather than an acquired mechanical power, and it stops at nothing that it is within the human capacity of his tiny fingers to grasp. He learns and improves without effort, almost without practice, and the sensation of physical fatigue is virtually unknown to him. Apart from this he is a born musician in the sense that he can think, feel, and express for himself. Those who heard the child play Mozart’s D minor Fantasia and Liszt’s “Hungarian Rhapsody,” No. 13, at his first recital are not likely quickly to forget the experience.

The continued series of Australian banking disasters—four more “suspensions of payment,” at Sydney and in Queensland were reported on May 13—has caused much alarm on the London Stock Exchange and to unfortunate depositors in England and Scotland.

OBITUARY.

LORD PETRE.

The Rev. William Joseph Petre, of Writtle, in the county of Essex, thirteenth Baron Petre, died on May 8. He was the son of the twelfth Lord Petre, whom he succeeded July 4, 1884. He was born Feb. 26, 1847, and was in holy orders of the Church of Rome, being Domestic Prelate to the Court of the Vatican. He was co-heir to the baronies of Howard, Greystoke, &c., in right of his great-great-grandmother, Anne, daughter and co-heiress of Philip Howard, and one of the nieces of Edward, ninth Duke of Norfolk. He is succeeded in the barony by his brother, Bernard Henry Philip, who was born May 31, 1858.

SIR EDWARD HANMER, BART.
Hammer, of Bettisfield Park, Kent, of Stack-grove Park, Bucks, and of 59, Eaton Place, London, S.W., fifth baronet, died at St. Leonards on May 3. He was the only child of the late Sir Wyndham Edward Hammer, Bart., by Victoire Marie Louise, daughter of the late Sir John Conroy, Bart., and married, October 1865, Mary, daughter of the late Colonel Fosse. He leaves issue, an only son, Wyndham Charles Henry, who succeeds him as sixth baronet, and who was born September 1867, and married, April 1890, Essex, daughter of Mr. Selby Lowndes, M.F.H., of Whaddon Hall, Bucks; also an only daughter, Florence Victoria, born 1879. The family of Hammer is of great antiquity in Flintshire, Sir John de Hammer of Hammer was Constable of Carnarvon Castle in the time of the first Edward. His great grandson, Sir Jenkin Hammer, joined Owen Glendower in his rebellion against Henry IV., and was killed at the Battle of Shrewsbury. The first baronet, Sir Walden Hammer, was fifteenth in descent from Sir John de Hammer. The third baronet was created a peer, but having no son the title became extinct, and the baronetcy only reverted to his brother. The family estates are in Flint, Denbigh, Bucks, and Beds, and are of very considerable extent.

We have also to record the deaths of—
Mr. Newsom Garrett, father of Mrs. Fawcett and of Mrs. Garrett-Anderson, recently, aged eighty-one.
Prince Adolphus George of Schaumburg-Lippe, on May 8, aged seventy-five.
Privy Councillor Von Bismarck, eldest brother of Prince Bismarck, on May 7, aged eighty-two.



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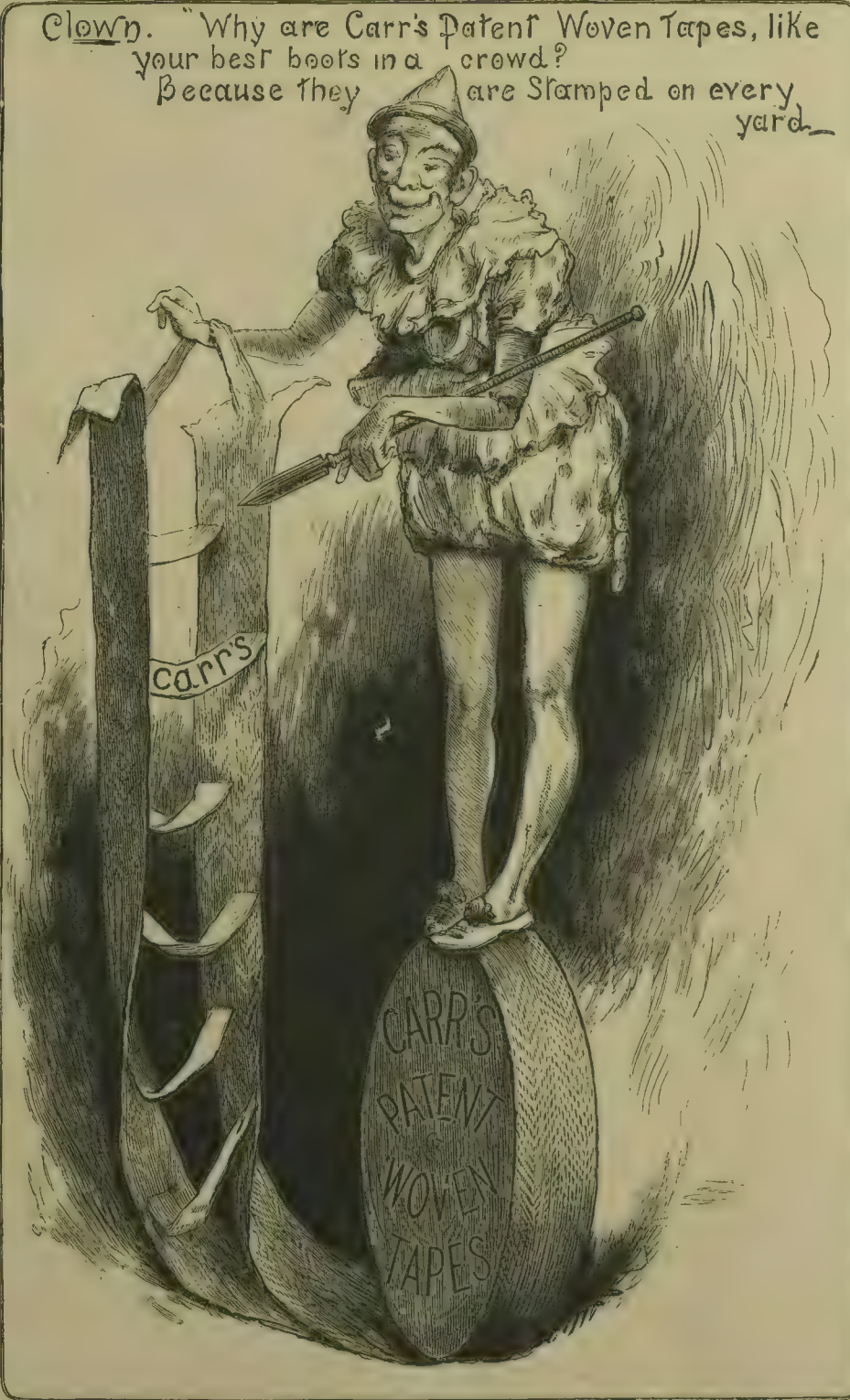
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 27, 1890) of Mr. Joseph Balfour, late of Athelstan House, 79, Dyke Road, Brighton, who died on Feb. 15, was proved on May 3 by William Clarkson Wallis, George Farquharson King, and Edward Henry Busk, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £110,000. The testator bequeaths one third of his furniture and effects to his wife, Mrs. Sarah Amelia Balfour, and two thirds between his daughters, Katherine, Lilian Mary, and Grace Anastasia; £5000 to his wife; £15,000 to his daughter Anna Louisa Mason; £14,000 each to his daughters, Lilian Mary Balfour, and Grace Anastasia Balfour; £11,000 each to his daughters, Katherine Balfour, and Jessie Elizabeth Henderson; £9000 to his son Frederic Henry Balfour; £6000 to his daughter-in-law Mrs. Sarah Balfour, the widow of his late son Lewis; £5500 to his daughter Mary Lewis; and two or three other legacies. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves three fifteenths each to his daughter Mary Lewis and his daughter-in-law Sarah Balfour; two fifteenths each to his son Frederic Henry Balfour and his daughter Anna Louisa Mason; and one fifteenth each to his daughters, Katherine Balfour, Jessie Elizabeth Henderson, Lilian Mary Balfour, and Grace Anastasia Balfour, and to his wife. The bequests to his wife are in addition to the gifts to her on their marriage.

The two-wills, one (dated Jan. 27, 1888) relating to his real and personal estate in the Island of Cuba or in any other part of the dominions and possessions of Spain, and the other (dated July 2, 1889), with a codicil (dated July 10, 1890), relating to his real and personal property in the United Kingdom and elsewhere, excepting that dealt with by his first-named will, of his Excellency Alonzo Jimenez y Cantero, Marquis de la Granja de San Saturnino, of the firm of A. Jimenez and Sons, 65, Fenchurch Street, late of 28, Pembroke Square, Bayswater, who died on Feb. 17, were proved in London on May 9 by Ricardo Modesto Matias Jimenez y Marcos, the son, and James Borland, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to over £91,000. By his English will the testator gives £500 and an annuity of £300 to his wife; his freehold residence in Pembroke Square to his wife, for life, and then to his son Pedro

Alonzo Salomé Jimenez y Marcos; all his horses and carriages, furniture, plate, books and effects to his wife; £16,000 each to his two daughters; and the residue of his real and personal estate to his two sons. By his Spanish will, subject to the payment for certain masses, the testator appoints his children his universal heirs.

The will (dated April 8, 1891) of Mr. James Chadwick, formerly of Urnston Bank, Urnston, Lancashire, and late of Ravensdale, Ballaugh, Isle of Man, who died on Jan. 15, was proved on May 3 by Mrs. Ethel Chadwick, the widow, and Edgar Hewitt, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £74,000. The testator bequeaths all the household furniture, effects, horses and carriage at his residence, Ravensdale, to his wife; and £250 and an annuity of £50 to his housekeeper, Rose Alexander, if in his service at the time of his decease. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, then for his brother, Samuel Taylor Chadwick, for life; and on the death of the survivor of them, for his nephew, James Francis Chadwick.

The will (dated Sept. 17, 1892) of Mr. George Streeter Kempson, late of 6, Royal Crescent, Brighton, who died on March 1, was proved on May 3 by Mrs. Anne Maria Kempson, the widow, the Rev. Carteret John Halford Fletcher, the nephew, and Robert Alexander Smith, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £69,000. The testator bequeaths £500 and his consumable stores to his wife; and legacies to relatives, executors, friends, and servants. He directs the residue of his real and personal estate to be held, upon trust, for his wife, for life; and at her death he gives further legacies to members of his family. The ultimate residue he leaves to his nephews, Carteret Houstoun Kempson and George Douglas William Kempson, in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 14, 1893) of Mr. George Wood, trading as J. B. Cramer and Co., music publishers, 199 and 201, Regent Street, and 46, Moorgate Street, late of Bracombe, The Drive, Hove, Sussex, who died on Feb. 22, was proved on April 18 at the Lewes District Registry by John Wood and George Wood, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £49,000. The testator gives £1000 to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Wood; his factory at Castle Road, Kentish Town, with the

machinery and fittings, to his nephew John Wood, subject to his paying £500 per annum to his wife, for life; £10,000 out of the value of the stock-in-trade at the said factory, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for George Rapley Wood, Robert Rapley Wood, Elizabeth Lilian Wood, and Mary Blanche Wood; the goodwill and stock-in-trade of his business at 199 and 201, Regent Street to his two nephews, John Wood and George Wood; one third of the goodwill of his business at Moorgate each to his said two nephews, they paying £100 per annum thereat to his wife, for life, and one third to his manager, Robert Slatter; one third of the stock-in-trade at Moorgate Street each to his said two nephews; and £2000 out of the remaining third to the said Robert Slatter; and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his nephew, the said John Wood.

The will (dated July 7, 1891), with a codicil (dated July 14 following), of Mr. George John Miller Ridehalgh, J.P., late of Fellfoot, Windermere, Lancashire, who died on Oct. 16, was proved on April 26 at the Lancaster District Registry by Mrs. Elizabeth Ridehalgh, the widow, Christopher Moorhouse, and Henry Taylor, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £44,000. The testator bequeaths all his wines, household stores, linen, china and glass (not being articles of vertu), horses, carriages, and boats (not being steam-yachts) to his wife; all his family portraits; and such of his plate, books, bronzes, articles of vertu, and furniture as his trustees may think suitable to devolve as heirlooms with his mansion-house, Fell Foot; and legacies and annuities to relatives, executors, and servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he settles on his wife during widowhood, and in the event of her marrying again she is to have an annuity of £300, with remainder to George Ridehalgh (the elder son of his late cousin, George Ridehalgh), for life, with remainder to his first and other sons successively, according to seniority in tail male, with remainder to William Smith Ridehalgh (the younger son of his said late cousin), for life, with remainder to his first and other sons successively, according to seniority in tail male.

The will and codicil (both dated July 13, 1889) of Mr. George King, formerly of Southampton and late of

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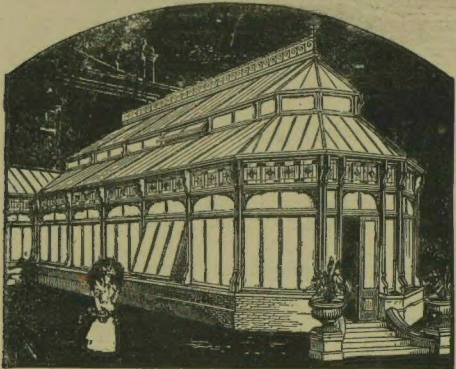
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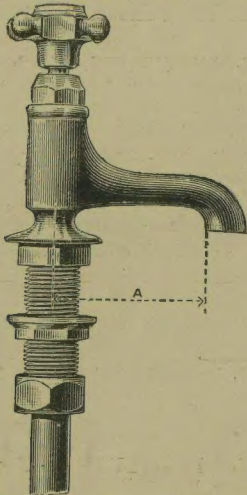
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